The Odes of Horace.

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THE

ODES OF HORACE

Translated into English

BY

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ABERDEEN: JOHN ADAM

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

1890

ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY PRESS.

PREFACE.

In this attempt to turn the Odes of Horace into English, I have tried to steer a middle course between the Scylla of a literal rendering and the Charybdis of a slovenly paraphrase.

It has also been my aim to preserve, in crisp and terse language, the flavour and spirit of the original. In one case, however, I have purposely obscured an offensive metaphor.

It may seem absurd to transform the poetry of one language into the prose of another, yet it must be remembered that an imitation of the Horatian metres in English would be grotesque, and that the possibilities of English verse are inadequate to represent the matchless word mosaic and the marvellous felicity of diction of these *operosa carmina*, without very serious and very objectionable padding.

I admit that in the case of such translators as Sir Theodore Martin, who are dowered with poetic insight, with rare wealth and ease of expression, and with complete mastery of rhythm

and rhyme, many an ode glides gently as the Garigliano into appropriate English verse. Yet there are odes that still "lie to" in the offing and obstinately refuse to make the port.

The scholarly suggestions of such editors as Orelli, Macleane, Wickham, and Page, I have carefully considered, and to these authorities I beg to express my grateful obligations. It has been difficult, in a few cases, amid all the ingenuities and subtleties of proposed translation, to make up one's mind as to the exact drift of the poet. Next to the authority of the best MSS., the translator must rely largely on what grasp and appreciation of the Horatian instinct he may possess, as the best clue to guide him through the labyrinth of critical speculation.

T. A. STEWART.

Aberdeen, 1890.

The Odes of Horace.

HORACE, ODES.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

MÆCENAS, scion of ancestral royalty, my protector and my pride,—there are men whose delight it is to gather in the race-course (*or* in their chariots), the Olympic dust, men whom the goal grazed by glowing wheels, and the ennobling palm of victory elevate to the rank of gods, lords of the world. One is charmed if the mob of fickle Romans strives to exalt him by accumulated distinctions; another, if he has stored in a granary of his own all the grain that is swept from the threshing floors of Libya. The man who finds pleasure in breaking up with his hoe the acres he has inherited, you will fail by the most princely offers to divert from his occupation, and to induce, as a timid mariner, in Cyprian bark, to plough the Myrtoan sea. Again, the merchant trader, who dreads the south wind, warring with the Icarian waves, praises the rural retirement of his native town. Anon he repairs his shattered barks, untaught to lack his luxuries. I know one too who

does not disdain beakers of old Massic wine, and who hesitates not to steal an hour from the long business day, reclining his limbs, now under the green arbutus, now by the gently gliding source of some sacred stream. For many there are attractions in a soldier's life, in the mingled blare of trumpet and clarion, and in wars abhorred by anxious mothers. The huntsman, forgetful of his gentle wife, lingers late, under a frosty sky, if a deer has been sighted by his trusty hounds, or if a Marsian boar has rent his shapely nets. For my part, the ivy wreath, the learned poet's reward, admits me to the society of the gods; the cool grove and the sprightly dance of Nymph and Satyr separate me off from the multitude, especially if Euterpe's flutes are not silent, and if Polyhymnia refuses not to wake the Lesbian lyre. But if you will enrol me among the bards of lyric song, I shall strike the stars with my uplifted head.

ODE II.

Father Jove has now sent on the earth enough snow and destructive hail, and, hurling bolts with red right hand at the sacred piles on the Capitol, has thrown the city into alarm. He has made the nations fear that the disastrous age of Pyrrha, bewailing fresh prodigies, might return; what time Proteus led all his flock of seals to visit the lofty hills, and the tribe of fishes were entangled in the

elm-tops, erewhile the well-known haunt of doves, and the panic-stricken does swam in the over-mastering flood. We have seen the waves of the tawny Tiber, fiercely beaten back from the Etruscan banks, rushing forth to overturn the palace of Numa and Vesta's temple, while the wifelorn stream avows himself the avenger of too importunately complaining Ilia, and, wandering from his course, glides over the left bank, not with the approval of Jove. Our descendants, thinned by the vices of their parents, will learn that citizens have whetted against each other the sword by which it were better that the formidable Parthian should fall; they will hear the story of civil wars. Which of the gods shall the people invoke to support a sinking empire? With what prayers shall the holy virgins importune Vesta, who lends but a listless ear to their litany? To whom shall Jupiter assign the task of expiating this wickedness? Come, then, we pray thee, O prophetic Apollo, thy glistening shoulders swathed in cloud; or, if thou art more willing, smiling Venus, round whom Mirth and Love ever hover; or if, O Mars, founder of our race, thou regardest thy neglected progeny and descendants. Alas! thou art sick of so long a holiday, thou whose joy is in the battle-din, and the polished casques, and the fierce scowl of the Moorish foot-soldier fixed on his gory foe; or whether, winged son of gentle Maia, changing thy form, and assuming on earth a youth-

ful guise, thou art willing to be named the avenger of Cæsar.

Far distant, O Cæsar, be the day of thy return to heaven, and long may'st thou delight to mingle with the people of Rome, and may no premature stroke carry thee off, offended by our vices. Here, rather, enjoy thy glorious triumphs, and the appellation of Father and Prince, and suffer not the Mede to roam with impunity whilst thou art our chief.

ODE III.

Wherefore may the goddess that presides over Cyprus, and Helen's brothers—those bright constellations—and the Father of the Winds, confining all the rest except Iapyx, direct thy course, O Bark! that owest to Attic shores a Virgil lent to thy care. Restore him unscathed, I pray thee, and preserve that half of my life. Surely his heart was sheathed in oak and triple brass, who was the first to commit his frail boat to the boisterous sea, for he dreaded not the squally south-west wind battling with the northern blasts, nor the rainy Hyades, nor the fury of Notus—the chief despot of the Hadriatic—whether it is his will to raise or calm the sea. What approach of death did that mariner fear who, with unmoved eyes, beheld the floating monsters of the deep, the heaving billows, and the ill-famed Acroceraunian rocks? In vain has Providence severed different lands by the dividing sea, if,

nevertheless, reckless barks bound over forbidden waters. The race of man, bold enough to bear and dare anything, rushes on through prohibited wickedness. The daring son of Iapetus brought fire to earth by an unhappy theft. After fire was purloined from the realms above, wasting disease, and a new troop of fevers, fell upon the earth, and the certain approach of distant death, formerly slow, quickened its pace. Dædalus ventured on the airy void with wings not given by nature to man. The mighty Hercules burst into the lower world. Nothing is too hard for mortals to attempt. We make for heaven itself, in our folly, and, by our crimes, we suffer not Jupiter to lay down the thunderbolts of his wrath.

ODE IV.

Icy winter is relaxed by the welcome change of spring and the western breezes, and now the rollers bear the wizened boats to the sea; and now the flock loves not the fold, nor the ploughman his warm fireside, and the meadows are no longer white with hoar frost. Now Cytherean Venus leads forth her bands, while the moon hangs overhead, and the comely Graces, linked hand in hand with the Nymphs, beat the earth with alternate foot; while glowing Vulcan fires the laborious forges of the Cyclopes. Now it is meet to wreathe our glossy

hair with fresh green myrtle, or with the flowers which the unfettered earth sends forth. Now, too, is the time to sacrifice to Faunus in the shady groves, whether he demands a lamb as a victim or prefers a kid. Pale death knocks impatiently, with impartial foot, at the peasants' cottages and at the palaces of the great. O happy friend Sestius! our short lease of life forbids us to indulge in lasting hopes. Anon, the night of Death will overtake thee, and the shadowy Manes, and the desolate realm of Pluto. And when thou hast reached that bourne, neither shalt thou, by throw of dice, appoint the master of the ceremonies, nor admire the stripling Lycidas, with whom all the young men of Rome are now charmed, and soon the maidens also will be enamoured.

ODE V.

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with moist perfumes, presses his suit with thee, O Pyrrha! amid many a rose, in some delightful grot? For whom bindest thou thy golden tresses, neat in the simplicity of thy adornment? Alas! how often will he deplore thy altered faith and his changed gods, and, unused to such a sight, will gaze in wonder on the sea ruffled by dark winds,—he who now enjoys thy favour, fondly believing thee all perfection, who dreams that thou art ever heart-free, ever amiable, and has not learned that the breezes shift and veer? They are to be

pitied on whom thou shinest in thy beauty with untried charms. As for me, the holy temple wall, with votive tablet, declares that I have hung my dripping garments as a thank-offering to the god who rules the sea.

ODE VI.

Thou shalt be immortalised by Varius, the bird and bard of Mæonian song, as a valiant warrior and conqueror, and all the exploits will be recorded which, under thy leadership, the dashing soldier has performed by land or sea. We humble bards, O Agrippa, attempt not such lofty themes, either to describe these achievements, or the deadly wrath of the stubborn Achilles, or the wanderings of the crafty Ulysses over the sea, or the bloody house of Pelops; for Modesty and the Muse that sways the peaceful lyre forbid us to injure through lack of ability the glories of incomparable Cæsar and thy renown. Who shall write in worthy verse of Mars cased in tunic of adamant, or of Meriones begrimed with Trojan dust, or of Diomede, by the aid of Pallas, a match for the gods above? *We* sing of banquets and of the skirmishes of girls, fiercely contending, with pared nails, against the youths; this, without any attachment, or, if we are smitten with love, we are light-hearted as ever.

ODE VII.

Others will extol sunny Rhodes, or Mitylene, or Ephesus, or the fortifications of Corinth that sits on two seas, or Thebes renowned for Bacchus, or Delphi for Apollo, or Thessalian Tempe. There are some whose sole occupation it is to celebrate in continuous strains the city of the Virgin Pallas, and to place on their brows the olive wreaths gathered on all hands. Many and many a man, in honour of Juno, will tell us of Argos suited for the rearing of steeds, and of wealthy Mycenæ. For my part, neither Lacedæmon, with its hardy citizens, nor the fertile plain of Larissa, has charmed me so much as the home of echoing Albunea, and the headlong Teverone, and the grove of Tiburnus, and the apple orchards watered by diverted rills. As the clear south wind often sweeps away the clouds from the darkened sky and brings not forth perpetual rains, so, friend Plancus, do not forget, in thy wisdom, to banish the sadness and the troubles of thy life with mellow wine, whether the camp, with its flashing ensigns, holds thee, or if thou wilt take possession of thy closely-shaded seat at Tivoli. Teucer, when fleeing into exile from Salamis and his father, is said to have bound with a poplar wreath his temples, moist with wine, and thus to have addressed his sorrowing friends:—"Wherever a fate kinder than my father shall lead us, we will go, my comrades and friends.

Never despair if Teucer is leader and protector, for unerring Apollo has promised that Salamis will be confounded with a new colony. O ye brave, who have often suffered greater hardships with me, now drown your cares in wine; to-morrow we shall traverse again the mighty deep."

ODE VIII.

Lydia, tell me, I pray thee by all the gods, why thou art bent on destroying Sybaris with love. Why does he loathe the sunny Campus Martius—he who recked not of dust and heat? Why rides he no more among his military compeers, nor curbs the Gallic steed with the jagged bit? Why does he dread a plunge in the tawny Tiber? Why shuns he the wrestlers' oil more carefully than the venom of serpents, and now has not his limbs discoloured by using his weapons—he who often distinguished himself by hurling the quoit or javelin clear beyond the bounds? Why does he shut himself up, as they tell us the son of the sea-goddess Thetis did, just before the mournful carnage of Troy, lest his manly attire should hurry him into the slaughter of the Trojan allies?

ODE IX.

You see how Soracte stands white with deep snow, and how the groaning boughs cannot now support their burden, and how the rivers are congealed with keen ice. Banish the cold, heaping

faggots liberally on the hearth, and with lavish hand, from the Sabine jar, draw forth your wine four years old, friend Thaliarchus. Leave all the rest to the gods, for when once they have lulled the winds fighting it out over the boiling surge, neither are the cypresses nor the veteran ash trees shaken. Forbear to ask what will come to-morrow, and whatever day Fortune will give you, set it down as gain, and despise not in your youth sweet love intrigues and the choral dance, so long as peevish old age with its grey hairs is far distant from the fresh bloom of your youth. Now is the time to resort to the Campus Martius and the promenades, with gentle whispers at nightfall at the trysted hour; delightful now is the laugh from the innermost nook betraying the hiding maiden, and the forfeit snatched from her wrist or faintly-resisting finger.

ODE X.

Mercury, eloquent grandson of Atlas, who hast skilfully moulded the savage manners of primeval man by the gift of speech, and the institution of the graceful art of wrestling, I shall sing of thee, messenger of great Jove and the other gods—of thee, the inventor of the curved lyre, gifted with cunning to hide in sportive theft whatever takes thy fancy. Long ago, whilst Apollo tried to frighten thee with threats of punishment if thou didst not restore the cattle thou hadst spirited away, the god laughed

when he found that his quiver also was stolen. Nay more, the wealthy Priam, when he left Troy with thee as guide, eluded the proud sons of Atreus, and escaped through the watch fires of the Greeks and their camp hostile to Troy. Thou conductest the souls of the just to their blest abodes, and, with golden wand, gatherest in the unsubstantial throng of the Shades—a favourite both with the gods above and the gods below.

ODE XI.

Pray do not ask, Leuconöe (we are not permitted to know), what destiny the gods have fixed for thee and me, and meddle not with Babylonian calculations. How much better to take things as they come, whether Jupiter will grant us more winters, or whether this is our last which now breaks the Etruscan sea on the opposing pumice rocks. Learn wisdom, strain your wine, and because of the brief span of life cut short far-reaching hopes. While we talk, envious Time is gone. Pluck pleasure from the passing hour, and trust as little as may be to the future.

ODE XII.

What modern or ancient hero, or what god, O Clio, dost thou select to celebrate on the lyre or shrill-sounding flute? Whose name will the playful echo return, either in the shady confines of Helicon,

or on Pindus, or on icy Hæmus, whence the woods pell-mell followed the musical Orpheus, staying, by his mother's skill, the swift glidings of the rivers and the fleet winds; with persuasive power also to lead the listening oaks by his melodious strains? What shall I mention before the wonted praises of Father Jove, who rules the actions of gods and men, who rules the sea and land, and regulates the world by the changing seasons? From him no greater than himself is born, nor does aught equal or next to him exist; Pallas, however, claims the nearest honours to him. And I shall not pass thee over in silence, O Bacchus, bold in battle; nor thee, Virgin Diana, a terror to the fierce wild beasts; nor thee, Apollo, dreaded for thine unerring shaft. Nor shall I fail to mention Hercules and the twin sons of Leda—the one a famous rider, the other a victorious pugilist. For when their bright constellation shines forth on the mariner, the fretted surge falls back from the rocks, the winds are lulled, the storm clouds disappear, and the threatening billows (for so these gods command) sink back into the sea. After these, I know not whether to mention first, Romulus, or the peaceful reign of Numa, or the haughty sway of Tarquin, or Cato's noble death. Regulus and the Scauri, and Æmilius, prodigal of his great-hearted life, when the Carthaginian prevailed, I shall with pleasure describe in distinguished verse, and Fabricius too, whom, with Curius of the unkempt locks,

and Camillus, pinching privation and an inherited farm, with house in keeping, sent forth to do good service in war. The glory of Marcellus waxes like a tree by growth unseen. The star of Julius shines among the rest like the moon among the lesser fires of heaven. O son of Saturn, Father and Protector of the human race, to thee the care of mighty Cæsar is assigned by fate. Rule thou with him next to thee in power. Inferior to thee alone he shall govern the wide world with equity, whether he has led the Parthians who threatened Italy, subdued in well-won triumph, or the Chinese and Indians lying along the borders of the East. Thou in thy thundering car wilt make Olympus reel, thou wilt hurl thy avenging thunderbolts into polluted groves.

ODE XIII.

When, Lydia, you praise the roseate neck and white arms of Telephus—of Telephus—ah! my heart burns and swells with implacable fury. At such times my soul is shaken and my colour comes and goes, and the tears glide stealthily over my cheeks, proving by what slow fires I am wasted away within. I am all in a glow, whether unseemly brawls over wine have disfigured your white shoulders, or whether a mad lover has left a lasting tooth-mark on your lips. If you listen to me, do not expect a lover to be constant who brutally harms those little lips which Venus has imbued with the

quintessence of her own nectar. Happy thrice, and more, are those whom an unbroken bond knits together, a bond which Love, never torn by evil quarrellings, will not break before their dying day.

ODE XIV.

O SHIP of the State! the waves of fresh commotions will bear thee back to sea. Why dost thou lie to? Boldly make for the harbour. See'st thou not how thy sides are swept of their oarage, and how thy mast, split by the swift south-west wind, and thy yards creak and strain, and how, without undergirding, thy timbers can scarce weather the overmastering sea? Thy sails are rent, the gods (figureheads) are battered, whom again and again thou invokest, threatened with destruction. Though of Pontic pine, daughter of a famous forest, thou boastest of thy origin and useless fame, the mariner, in his dread, puts little faith in painted sterns. Unless thou art doomed to become the sport of the winds, keep a sharp lookout. Erewhile a source of wearisome disquietude, now of yearning anxiety, may'st thou avoid the waters that are poured between the gleaming Cyclades.

ODE XV.

WHEN the faithless shepherd was bearing across the sea, in Idæan bark, Helen, his hostess, Nereus lulled the swift winds in an unwelcome calm, that he

might predict the cruel fate of the fugitives:—"With ill omen thou bearest home thy bride, for Greece, with many a soldier, will demand her back, sworn to interrupt thy wedding, and to break up the ancient kingdom of Priam. Alas! alas! see what sweat bedews the battle-steeds and their riders! What deaths thou wilt cause to the Trojan race! Even now Pallas gets ready her helm and ægis, her chariot and battle rage. In vain, boldly reliant on the protection of Venus, wilt thou comb thy long hair, and discourse love music, dear to women, on the unwarlike lyre. In vain, in thy chamber, wilt thou shun the heavy hurtling spear and the points of the Cretan shafts, and the battle din, and Ajax, swift to pursue. Yet, alas! when it is too late thou wilt besprinkle with dust the hair of an adulterer. Regardest thou not the son of Laertes, destroyer of thy race, and Pylian Nestor? Those dauntless warriors press thee hard, Teucer of Salamis, and Sthenelus, a skilful combatant, or, if he has to guide the war-steed, no inactive charioteer. Of Meriones also thou shalt learn. Behold, the fierce son of Tydeus, more valiant than his sire, burns to find thee. And from him, as a stag, forgetful of his pasture, with deep-drawn pantings, flees from the wolf that has appeared in another part of the valley, so shalt thou flee, who didst not boast such deeds to thy fair one. The fleet of Achilles in his wrath will delay the day of doom for Troy and the mothers of

the Phrygians. After a fixed term of winters the fire of the Greeks shall consume the homes of Ilium."

ODE XVI.

O LADY, fairer than a fair mother, you may assign whatever fate you please to my scurrilous iambic verses, the fire, or, if you like, the Hadriatic Sea. For neither Cybele, nor the Pythian tenant in the sacred shrines, so agitates the minds of the priests, nor Bacchus so much; nor do the Corybantes, with such dire effect, redouble their blows on the shrill brass, as hateful fits of anger do—anger which neither the Noric steel deters, nor the shipwrecking sea, nor the scathing lightning, nor the thunder even, crashing with terrific peal. Prometheus is said to have been constrained to add to the original clay, particles selected from other animals, and to have implanted the fury of a raging lion in our breasts. Outbursts of anger laid Thyestes low in terrible ruin, and were the prime and patent causes of the utter destruction of lofty cities, and of the dragging of the plough of the insolent enemy over the walls. Fetter thy feelings. Myself, too, in sweet youth, the glow of passion attacked, and drove me boiling into hasty iambics. Now, grown wiser, I desire to exchange my bitter words for gentler themes, if only, when I have retracted my abuse, you will be reconciled and restore me your favour.

ODE XVII.

SWIFT-FOOTED Faunus often quits Lycæus for pleasant Lucretilis, and unfailingly protects my she-goats from the scorching summer heat and the rainy winds. With safety through the guarded grove the roaming wives of an odorous husband search for the hidden arbutus and thyme, and dread not the green snakes; nor do the Hædilian slopes fear the wolves of Mars, whenever, O Tyndaris, the valleys and smooth rocks of low-lying Ustica echo with the sweet pipe of Faunus. The gods are my protection; to them my allegiance and musical talent are grateful. In this spot Plenty, rich in the bounties of the country, will flow forth to thee, to the full, from lavish horn. Here, in a sequestered vale, wilt thou avoid the fury of the dog-star's heat, and sing, in Teian measures, of Penelope, and of the sea-nymph Circe, both lovelorn for the same hero's sake. Here, under the shade, wilt thou drain goblets of harmless Lesbian wine; nor will Bacchus, son of Semele, mingle in brawls with Mars, nor wilt thou, under suspicion, dread the rude Cyrus, lest he lay his intemperate hands on thee, little fit to struggle with him, and lest he tear the clinging wreath from thy hair, and rend thine innocent robes.

ODE XVIII.

O VARUS, do not think of planting any tree in preference to the sacred vine, in the genial soil of

Tivoli, and round the walls of Catilus; for the Deity has decreed all sorts of hardships to abstainers, and not otherwise than by wine do gnawing anxieties disappear. Who, after indulging in wine, croaks about the hardships of a soldier's life, or of privation? Who does not rather prate of thee, Father Bacchus, and comely Venus? But, as a warning that none should trangress the bounds of moderate potations, there is the brawl of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ fought out over their cups, and the hatred of Bacchus for the Thracians, when, eager for more wine, men distinguish right and wrong by the narrow limit of their inflamed desires. O beautiful Bassareus, I shall not arouse thee against thy pleasure, nor expose to the light of day the mysteries hidden under various leaves. Silence the harsh drum and Berecyntian horn, in whose train follow Love, blind to its own credit, and Vanity, raising its empty head far too high, and Perfidy, prodigal of secrets, more transparent than glass.

ODE XIX.

The cruel mother of the loves, and the son of Theban Semele, and wanton waywardness bid me recall my heart to amours I had abandoned. The bright beauty of Glycera charms me, glittering with a purer ray than the marble of Paros. Her pleasing pertness and her face, too dangerous to gaze upon, captivate my heart. Venus, pouring into my soul

in the full torrent of love, has deserted Cyprus, and suffers me no more to sing of the Scythians and the Parthians briskly fighting on retreating steeds, and of themes devoid of interest. Here, boys, place the altar of fresh green turf; here, the sacred herbs and incense with a bowl of pure wine two years old. The goddess will come more propitious when a victim is sacrificed.

ODE XX.

Dear Knight Mæcenas, thou wilt drink in my house cheap Sabine wine in plain cups—wine that I with my own hands stored in a Greek jar and sealed on the day when such a storm of applause greeted thee in the theatre, that at once the banks of thy native stream, and the sportive echo of the Vatican hill reverberated thy praises. Thy drink (at home) will be the Cæcuban and the grapes that are crushed in the wine-press of Cales; my cups are mingled neither with the Falernian grape nor with the produce of the Formian hills.

ODE XXI.

Sing, ye gentle maidens of Diana, ye youths of unshorn Apollo, and of Latona, deeply beloved by supreme Jove. Sing ye of the goddess whose joy is in the rivers and the dense foliage of the trees that shows on snow-capt Algidus, or in the dark forests of Erymanthus, or of green Cragus. Exalt ye, with equal

praise, ye men, the vale of Tempe and Delos, birthplace of Apollo, and his shoulder graced with the quiver and Mercury's lyre. This god, moved by your prayers, will avert tearful war, and wretched famine and pestilence from the people of Rome and Cæsar their prince, and send them to the Parthians and Britons.

ODE XXII.

The man of blameless life and spotless character needs not the javelins of the Moor, nor his bow, nor quiver stored with poisoned shafts, O Fuscus, whether his path lies along the burning coasts of Africa, or whether he is to journey over the untenanted Caucasus, or through those regions which the Hydaspes of story laves. For, once, indeed, as I strolled in a Sabine wood, humming songs about Lalage, and had wandered beyond my usual limits, fancy free, a wolf fled from me all defenceless—such a monster as neither Daunias, mother of soldiers, rears in her wide oak forests, nor does the land of Juba produce, whose torrid wastes foster the lion. Place me in those ice-bound regions where no tree is ever refreshed by the summer breeze, in that quarter of the earth which fogs and foul weather ever oppress; place me under the car of the too near sun, in a clime uninhabitable by men,—there still shall I love the sweetly-smiling and sweetly-prattling Lalage.

ODE XXIII.

THOU fliest from me, O Chloe! like a fawn that seeks its timorous dam in the trackless uplands with an empty terror of the rustling foliage. For whether the approach of Spring shudders in the quivering leaves, or whether the green lizards have noiselessly parted the brambles, the creature trembles in its heart and knees. And yet I do not pursue thee like a savage tiger or African lion to rend thee. Cease now to cling to thy mother, being of ripe age for a husband.

ODE XXIV.

WHAT reserve or measure can there be in our grief for so dear a soul? Lead off (*or* teach me) the mournful dirge, O Melpomene! to whom Father Jove has given a clear ringing voice with thy lyre. So, then, the sleep that knows no waking holds Quintilius, and when shall Modesty and unswerving Honour, sister of Justice, and unadorned Truth, ever "look upon his like again"? He died, lamented by many a good man; by none more than by thee, O Virgil! Alas! with unavailing devotion thou askest the gods to restore him not committed to their (*or* thy) care on such terms. What if, with more persuasive power than Thracian Orpheus, thou wert to attune thy melodies to the listening woods, would the blood return into his empty shade, which, once for all, Mercury, inexorable to open the door of

fate in answer to prayers, has, with his awful wand, gathered into the dark fold? It is hard, but what we cannot amend becomes lighter by endurance.

ODE XXV.

Fewer and fewer are the tappings (frequent before) of wanton youths at thy closed windows. They do not disturb thy sleep, and the door that moved so readily on its hinges in other days now clings to the threshold. Now less and less often thou hearest: "O Lydia, dost thou slumber, while I, thine own lover, pine away for love of thee all these long nights?" An old hag, fallen on evil days, and made light of, thou wilt bewail the absence of importunate gallants in the lonely alley, when, at the changes of the moon, the Thracian wind roars with louder blast. Fierce and unworthy passion will revel in thy tainted breast, which laments that happy youth delights rather in green ivy and dusky myrtle, and flings the withered leaves into the wintry Hebrus.

ODE XXVI.

The Muses' favourite, I shall deliver my sadness and fears to the wild winds to bear to the Cretan sea, singularly indifferent to know by whom, in the cold north, the king of that ice-bound region is dreaded, or what fills Teridates with alarm. O sweet Pimplea, whose delight is in virgin springs, weave a garland of sunny flowers for my Lamia.

My distinctions are nought without thee. It becomes thee and thy sisters to immortalise him in novel strains and on Lesbian lyre.

ODE XXVII.

It is like Thracians to fight over cups intended to minister pleasure. Banish the foreign custom and preserve the modest Bacchus from sanguinary brawls. At an illuminated night-banquet the scimitar of the Mede is utterly out of place. Hush your unbecoming uproar, my companions, and lie quietly leaning on your elbows. You wish me also to drink my share of strong Falernian wine? Well, the brother of Opuntian Megilla must tell us by what stroke he dies a happy death, and by what love-shaft he is smitten. He refuses, does he? Then I shall drink on no other condition. Whatever beauty enthrals thee, she inflames thee with a passion that need not make thee blush, for thy love weaknesses are ever honourable. Come, whisper thy secret to trustworthy ears. Ah! is it so? Poor boy! What a Charybdis for thee to struggle in, worthy of a better attachment! What witch, what magician with Thessalian enchantments, what god will avail to extricate thee? Scarce could Pegasus deliver thee from the snares of this three-formed Chimæra.

ODE XXVIII.

O Archytas! measurer of earth and sea, and of the sand that no man can number, the scanty

tribute of a handful of earth by the Matine shore confines thee now, and it avails thee nought to have aspired to penetrate the realms of air, and in thought to have traversed the circling firmament, since thou wert doomed to die. Even the father of Pelops died, and he was a guest of the gods; Tithonus also, translated to the upper air, and Minos, though admitted to the secrets of heaven; and Tartarus holds the son of Panthus, who was consigned to Orcus a second time, although, by taking down his shield from the temple wall he testified to his presence in the Trojan war, and showed that he had yielded (when he died before) nothing but his sinews and skin to gloomy death—a man, in thy estimation, no mean expounder of Nature's truths. But one night awaits all of us, and the path of death must be trodden once for all. The Furies make some the sport of savage Mars; the hungry sea is the mariner's destruction; the mingled funerals of old and young crowd to the grave; stern Proserpine has passed over no man's head. Me also, the South Wind, fleet comrade of the setting Orion, overwhelmed in the Illyrian waves. Wherefore, O mariner! grudge not, with cruel stint, to throw a handful of wandering sand on my bones and unburied head; and if thou do so, then, whatever threats the East Wind may bluster o'er the Hesperian waves, let the woods of Venusia be lashed by the billows, provided that thou art safe, and may abundant commerce descend to thee from propitious

Jove, who can send it, and from Neptune, guardian of sacred Tarentum. Dost thou think lightly of committing a crime that will afterwards injure thine innocent offspring? If so, misfortune and a due requital, and stern retribution, may await thyself. I shall not be left with unanswered imprecations, and no atonement will release thee. Speed as thou wilt, there is no long respite. Thou mayest pursue thy course when thou hast thrice sprinkled dust on my bones.

ODE XXIX.

O Iccius, have you now cast an envious eye on the rich treasures of Arabia, and are you preparing for a spirited campaign against the princes of Sabæa, never conquered before, and are you forging chains for the terrible Parthian? What foreign maiden, her betrothed slain, will be your slave? What page, with anointed hair, from the king's court, will be appointed your cup-bearer, skilled to wing the arrows of the Seres from his country's bow? After this, who would deny that headlong rivers may retrace their course to the steep mountains, and that Tiber may return to his source, when you, after buying up on all hands the volumes of famous Panætius, and the writings of the Socratic school, seek to exchange them for the cuirass of Spain, having given promise of better things?

ODE XXX.

O VENUS, Queen of Cnidos and Paphos, leave thy beloved Cyprus, and come, dwell rather in the beautiful shrine of Glycera, who invokes thee with lavish incense. Let the ardent Cupid haste to accompany thee, and the Graces with flowing girdles, and the goddess of youth unattractive without thee, and Mercury.

ODE XXXI.

WHAT does the poet ask of Apollo, on the dedication of his temple? What is his prayer, as he pours a fresh libation from his bowl? Not the fertile cornlands of rich Sardinia, nor the fair herds of sunny Calabria, nor gold, nor Indian ivory, nor the vinelands which the still Garigliano washes slowly away with its silent stream. Let those, to whom Fortune has been so kind, prune the vine with Calenian knife, and let the wealthy trader drain, at his will, in golden beakers, the wines he has purchased for Syrian merchandise; a favourite he is, surely, of the gods themselves, since thrice or four times a year he traverses the Atlantic in safety. As for me, olives, and chicory, and light mallows are my food. O son of Latona! permit me to enjoy the good things I have laid up, in robust health and with an unimpaired intellect, I pray thee, and to pass an honourable old age, not uncheered by the charms of music.

ODE XXXII.

We are called upon for a song. If, O my lyre! I have ever, in a leisure hour, under the shade improvised some ditty that may live a year or longer, come, chant me a Latin air. Lyre, first fingered by a citizen of Lesbos, who, though a fierce warrior, yet, in the intervals of war, or when he moored his tempest-tossed craft to a wave-washed shore, forbore not to sing of Bacchus, and the Muses, and Venus, with her unfailing attendant, and Lycus the handsome, with his black eyes and hair. O lyre, the pride of Apollo, and welcome at the banquets of supreme Jove, sweet solace of my troubles, accept my greeting such as I am when I duly invoke thee.

ODE XXXIII.

O Albius, that thou mayest not grieve overmuch when thou rememberest cruel Glycera, nor persist in uttering piteous elegies asking why, with broken troth, a younger man finds more favour in her eyes (think of this), love for Cyrus inflames Lycoris, admired for her small forehead; Cyrus again leans towards Pholoë, who resents his advances, but sooner will roes be mated with Apulian wolves than will Pholoë transgress with a worthless gallant. So has it seemed good to Venus, whose pleasure it is, in cruel sport, to send unlike forms and souls under the unbreakable yoke. For mine

own self, when a better love assails me, Myrtale the freedwoman binds me in pleasing fetters—Myrtale more passionate than the waves of Hadria that curve the bays on the Calabrian shore.

ODE XXXIV.

Erewhile I wandered astray, the votary of a senseless philosophy, a sparing and seldom worshipper of the gods; but now I am constrained to put about and to sail back on the course I had abandoned. For Father Jove cleaving the dark clouds again and again with his flashing bolt has driven his thunder steeds and lightning car across a cloudless sky. At this prodigy the brute earth, and the wandering rivers, the Styx, and the awful region of hateful Tænarus, and the ends of the earth are shaken. The deity has power to reverse the fortunes of men, and, exalting the low, he abases the mighty. Fortune, with fierce and shrill swoop, snatches the tiara from one, and delights to place it on the head of another.

ODE XXXV.

O Goddess! that presidest over beloved Antium, present and powerful to raise mortals even from the lowest degradation, or to convert proud triumph into funereal gloom—thee, the poor tenant of the soil supplicates with earnest prayer—thee, mistress of the sea, all the sailors worship, who tempt, in

Bithynian bark, the Carpathian waters—thee, the savage Dacian, the roaming Scythian, and cities and nations, and warlike Latium, and the mothers of foreign princes, and despots clad in purple, dread, lest, with destroying foot, thou may'st overturn the stable pillar of the realm, and lest the jostling populace, rousing the laggards to arms, destroy the tyrants' sway. Before thee stalks ever stern Necessity, bearing in her brazen hands spikes and wedges—nor is the strong clamp forgotten, nor the molten lead—thee, Hope and Fidelity (rare among men), robed in white veil, attend; nor does the latter abjure thy society, whenever, in changed garb, thou leavest the dwellings of the powerful, in sorrow. But the faithless rabble and the forsworn courtesan slink away; false friends disappear when the casks are drained to the dregs, faithlessly refusing to bear equally the yoke of adversity. Protect Cæsar, who is to make an expedition to the remote Britons, and the newly-levied band of young warriors—a terror to the East and the Indian Ocean. Alas! we are ashamed of our scars, and the crime of fratricidal war. What have we, a hard-hearted race, shrunk from? What act of impiety have we left unperformed? From what outrage have our youths held their hands through fear of the gods? What altars have they respected? O that thou wouldst whet again on new anvil, for the destruction of the Massagetæ and Arabs, the sword blunted in civil war!

ODE XXXVI.

It is meet, both with incense, and music, and with the due sacrifice of a kid, to pleasure the gods, who are guardians of Numida. He, now, safe and sound from the far West, distributes many a salutation kiss to his dear comrades, but to none more than to thee, loved Lamia, remembering a boyhood spent under the same tyrannous schoolmaster, and our change of toga at the same date. That the happy day may not lack a white chalk mark, let there not be any measure for the decanted wine, nor, after the manner of the Salii, any lull in the dance. Nor must Damalis, a deep drinker, surpass Bassus in the Thracian bout. Nor must there be any lack of roses at the high festival, nor of evergreen parsley, nor of the short-lived blossoms of the lily. All will turn their love-sick eyes on Damalis, and she will not be torn from her fresh gallant, clinging more closely than the wanton ivy.

ODE XXXVII.

Now is the time to drink, and to beat the earth with unfettered foot; now the time, as we thought, my comrades, to furnish forth on the couch of the gods a feast fit for the Salii. Before this it was in bad form to bring down the Cæcuban wine from the bins of our grandsires, when the Capitol and Empire

were threatened with ruin and destruction by an infatuated queen, with a plague-stricken crew of men, foul with disease,—she powerless to restrain her ambition, and intoxicated with sweet fortune. But her madness abated when scarce a single ship escaped the flames, and her mind, maddened by Mareotic wine, was awakened to sober alarm by Cæsar, hotly pursuing her, in his galley, as she fled from Italy (as a hawk chases the gentle doves, or as a swift huntsman on the plains of snowy Thessaly tracks the hare), that he might throw the fated monster into chains. And she, seeking to die a nobler death, shuddered not at the sword with a woman's fear, nor, in swift-speeding bark, made exchange of her country for some distant clime. She had courage, too, with unmoved countenance to look upon her palace laid low, and she did not shrink from handling the scaly serpents, that she might introduce their black venom into her veins, all the bolder in the imminence of meditated death, and grudging, doubtless, to the fierce Liburnians, that she, a high-souled woman, should be led, stripped of her pomp, in proud triumph by them.

ODE XXXVIII.

I HATE the elaborate preparations of the Persians, my page. Their garlands bound with strips of linden bark are distasteful to me. Forbear to search for

the "last rose of summer left blooming alone," and I desire that thou seek not with diligent toil to add anything to the simple myrtle, which well befits thee as my attendant, and myself also as I drink under the thick shade of the vine.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

You are writing of the civil war that dates from the consulship of Metellus, and of the causes of the strife, and the blunders and manœuvres, and the freaks of Fortune, and the disastrous alliances of the leading men, and of arms besmeared with blood-shed not yet atoned for—a work full of risk and danger—and you tread over fires hidden under treacherous ashes. Let the Muse of stern tragedy quit the theatres awhile. Anon, when you have set in order public events, you will resume your dignified occupation in the Athenian drama. Pollio, my friend, the distinguished defender of the dejected criminal, and the adviser of the senate in council, for you the bay-wreath has won unfading renown in the Dalmatian triumph.

Even now you thrill my ears with the threatening trumpet blast; now the clarions bray; now the gleam of arms scares the swift steeds, and terror sits on the faces of the horsemen. Now, methinks, I hear of great commanders begrimed with no inglorious dust, and how every corner of the earth has been subdued except the unflinching soul of Cato.

Juno and all the gods inclined to favour the Africans, helplessly had left the land unavenged, and offered the descendants of the conquerors as a sacrifice on the tomb of Jugurtha.

What plain, rendered more fertile by Latin blood, does not bear witness by its mounds of the dead to an unnatural feud, and the crash of Italy's ruin, heard even by the Medes?

What torrent or what rivers have not learned of this mournful war? What sea have the Italian massacres not incarnadined? What coasts are not stained with our blood?

But forsake not, my sportive Muse, merry themes, and rehearse not the burden of the Cean dirge; rather, in some cave of Dione, seek with me measures in a lighter strain.

ODE II.

THERE is no lustre in silver when hid in the bowels of the niggard earth, O Crispus Sallustius, a foe to the ingot unless it is burnished by moderate use. Proculeius, noted for his fatherly feeling towards his brothers, will have a new lease of life. Surviving renown will bear him aloft on unflagging wing. If you restrain the lust of wealth, you will enjoy a wider sway than if you join Libya to remote Cadiz, and if the Carthaginians on both sides acknowledge your sole sovereignty.

The appalling dropsy grows worse by self-indul-

gence, and does not quench its thirst unless the source of the disease is driven from the system, and the watery languor from the sickly frame. Virtue, dissenting from the opinion of the many, removes Phraates, though restored to the throne of Cyrus, from the roll of the blest, and teaches the people to disuse false designations, conferring sovereign sway, and the security of power, and the lasting bay-wreath, on him alone who gazes upon huge piles of gold without turning back to look again.

ODE III.

Remember to preserve a calm mind in difficulties, and, likewise, in prosperity a mind restrained from immoderate exultation, Dellius, my friend, since you are doomed to die, whether you have lived a life of sorrow all your days, or whether, in festive seasons, reclining in some grassy retreat, you have regaled yourself with Falernian of the oldest brand. To what purpose do the tall pine and white poplar love to intertwine their boughs in a hospitable shade, and why does the swift-flowing stream fret and hurry adown its sloping bed? To this spot bid your slave bring wine and perfumes and the too short-lived blossoms of the lovely rose, while your circumstances and time of life and the dark threads of the three sister-Fates permit. You will have to leave the pasture lands you have bought up, and your house in town, and your country seat, which

the yellow Tiber laves, and your heir will possess the wealth you have piled on high. It matters not whether you are descended from ancient Inachus, or whether, a poor man and of lowest degree, you sojourn under the light of heaven, for in either case you are the victim of inexorable death.

We are all gathered to the same bourne. The lots of all of us are kept moving in the urn, sooner or later to leap forth, and to consign us to Charon's boat and the exile of eternity.

ODE IV.

Let not thy love for a slave girl make thee blush, O Phocian Xanthias. Before this, the maid Briseïs, with snow-white skin, attracted the rugged Achilles. Lord Ajax, too, son of Telamon, was stirred by the beauty of captive Tecmessa. The son of Atreus was inflamed, in mid-triumph, by a virgin carried away as a prisoner, after the ranks of the foreigner had been laid low, in the hour of the Thessalian's victory, and when the loss of Hector offered, to the wearied Greeks, Troy an easier spoil to capture. For all you know, yellow-haired Phyllis may have high-born parents to honour their son-in-law. She weeps, doubtless, for the loss of royal rank and for her fallen fortunes. Be sure she has not been selected for thy love from among the worthless rabble, and think not that one so true, so averse to gain, could have been born of a disreputable mother. I admire,

heartwhole, her arms and features and neat ankles—ah, do not suspect one whose age hastens to complete its eighth lustre.

ODE V.

Not yet, with submissive neck, is she able to bear the yoke and burden of love. The heart and desires of thy loved one are all around the green fields; now cooling the oppressive heat of summer by a river bath; now yearning to sport with her mates among the dank willows. Banish thy longing for the unripe grape. Soon will autumn, rich in varied colours, tinge for thee the blue clusters with a purple hue. Anon she will seek thee, for ruthless time rushes along, and will add to her account the years it has deducted from you. Soon, with self-possession, Lalage will look for a husband,—Lalage, beloved by thee, as never was fickle Pholoë, or Chloris glistering with snowy shoulders as the clear moon is reflected on the sea by night, or Gyges of Cnidus, for if thou enrolledst him in the band of maidens, the difference, hard to detect, would wonderfully deceive even knowing strangers, because of his flowing locks and face that might belong to either sex.

ODE VI.

O Septimius, ready to go with me to Gades, and to visit the Cantabrians who have not yet learned

to bear our yoke, and to the furious Syrtes, where the Moorish wave ever boils; O may Tivoli, founded by an Argive colonist, be the retreat of my old age; may it be the destination of one who is wearied of wanderings over sea and land, and of a soldier's life. But if the unkind fates debar me from this spot, I shall seek the brook Galēsus, loved resort of skin-protected sheep, and the country ruled by Phalanthus of Lacedæmon. That nook of earth "has charms for me o'er all the world beside," where the honey yields not to the hives of Hymettus, and where the olive-berry vies with the produce of green Venafrum; where Jupiter grants a long spring and mild winters, and where Aulon, friendly to fertile Bacchus, dreams not of envying the Falernian grape-clusters. That spot and these blest heights invite thee and me. There thou wilt sprinkle the warm ashes of thy friend the poet with the tear that is his due.

ODE VII.

O Pompeius, often led with me into extreme peril under the conduct of Brutus,—who has restored thee, a full Roman citizen, to the gods of thy country and the skies of Italy,—Pompeius, first of my comrades, in whose company I have often broken the monotony of the tedious day with a draught of wine, with wreaths and Syrian ointment on my glossy hair? With thee I fought Philippi's fight and shared in

the headlong rout, leaving my little shield ingloriously behind, on that day when valour was overpowered, and blustering warriors bit the base dust. But while swift Mercury, in a dense cloud, bore me off trembling through the foe, thee the backsucking wave swept on its boiling surge into the battle again. Wherefore offer to Jove the feast that is his due, and rest thy limbs, wearied by a long campaign, under my bay-tree, and spare not the casks reserved for thee. Fill high the burnished beakers with care-drowning Massic; pour forth perfumes from the capacious shells. Whose office is it to prepare, with all haste, wreaths of cool parsley or myrtle? Whom will the highest dice-throw appoint master of the ceremonies? I shall revel as madly as the Thracians. It is delightful to forget one's self in welcoming back a friend.

ODE VIII.

If any punishment for broken vows ever made thee feel sore; if thy beauty was disfigured by one discoloured tooth or nail, I might trust thee; but no sooner hast thou bound thy faithless head with pledges, than thou shinest out in thy charms fairer than ever, and salliest forth to fascinate the youth of the day. It pays thee uncommonly well to swear falsely by the entombed ashes of a mother, and by the silent constellations of night with all the firmament, and by the gods who are exempt from the

chill of death. Venus actually smiles at this misconduct, I declare; the artless Nymphs smile, and cruel Cupid also, ever sharpening his burning arrows on a blood-stained anvil. Moreover, all the youths grow up to be a fresh crop of slaves for thee, and former lovers, though they often threatened to do so, fail to desert the abode of their unscrupulous mistress. Thee, mothers dread for their daughters' sake. Thee, mean old men dread, and newly-married maidens made miserable by the fear that thy popularity may estrange the affections of their husbands.

ODE IX.

Showers do not always drip from the clouds on the miry fields, and fitful blasts vex not for ever the Caspian Sea, nor, in the confines of Armenia, friend Valgius, does the ice remain unthawed all the year round, nor do the oak forests of Gargānus ever groan before the northern blasts, while the ash-trees are stripped of their foliage. And yet unceasingly thou lamentest in mournful strains the loss of Mystes, and thy regrets abate not when the evening star rises, or when the star of morning flees before the fiery sun. But aged Nestor, who saw three generations of men, mourned not all his days for the amiable Antilochus, nor did his parents and Phrygian sisters weep over youthful Troilus for ever. Make an end, I pray thee, of unmanly complainings,

and rather let us celebrate the fresh triumphs of Augustus, and frozen Niphates, and the river Euphrates added to the conquered nations, rolling a diminished stream, and the Geloni roaming within fixed limits over contracted plains.

ODE X.

You will lead a better life, Licinius, not by always pushing out to sea, nor, while you prudently avoid the storm, by hugging too closely the dangerous coast. The man who aims at the golden mean is safe and free from the filth of a dilapidated dwelling, and also, being sober in his aspirations, avoids the envy of a lordly hall. The tall pine is oftenest shaken by the wind, and lofty turrets fall with the heaviest crash, and the lightning strikes the highest mountain-tops. A well-regulated mind hopes for a change of fortune in adversity, and dreads the same in prosperity. Jupiter brings back unlovely winter; the same god drives it away. If the times are bad now, they will not be so by-and-by. Sometimes Apollo wakes with the lyre the slumbering Muse, for he bends not always his bow. In difficulties show yourself courageous and resolute. Wisely also you will shorten your sails when they are swollen by too prosperous a breeze.

ODE XI.

Friend Quintius Hispinus, cease speculating as to the politics of the warlike Cantabrian and of the

Scythian, separated by the intervening Adriatic, and do not exercise thyself over the needs of a life that "wants but little". Sprightly youth and beauty flee away backwards, while withered and white old age says good-bye to wanton amours and gentle sleep.

There is not always the same attraction in the flowers of spring, nor does the ruddy moon shine ever with the same lustre. Why weary and worry thy mind with endless schemes too great for it to carry out? Why, while we may, should we not drink, reclining, either under a lofty plane, or beneath this pine, just as we are, without premeditation, our white hairs scented with the breath of roses, and I anointed with Assyrian nard?

What page will, with extra haste, cool the cups of strong Falernian with water from the stream that ripples by? Who will induce retiring Lyde to come from her house? Come, bid her speed hither with ivory lyre, and with her hair bound in a comely knot after the Laconian fashion.

ODE XII.

You would not wish that the wars of fierce Numantia, and dread Hannibal, and the Sicilian Sea, empurpled with Carthaginian blood, should be set to the gentle strains of the lyre, nor the savage Lapithæ, and Hylæus, over-filled with wine, and the giants, subdued by the hand of Her-

cules, at the danger of whose onset the shining abode of ancient Saturn shook to its base; but you will describe better in slow moving prose the victories of Cæsar, O Mæcenas, and the necks of blustering kings dragged along the streets. Me, the Muse, has directed to sing sweet songs of thy lady Licymnia, and to tell of her clear flashing eyes, and her heart, responsive to truly mutual love;—a lady who foots it gracefully in the dance, and whom it does not unbeseem to pass the merry joke, nor sportively to fling her arms round the virgins in gala attire, on the day sacred to renowned Diana. You surely do not wish to exchange Licymnia's hair for all the wealth of Achæmenes, or the riches of Mygdon, in fertile Phrygia, or the well-stocked homes of the Arabs—while he impresses burning kisses on her neck, or with feigned cruelty refuses them, which, even more than you who ask for them, she likes to be stolen from her, and sometimes is the first to snatch.

ODE XIII.

The man, whoever he was, that planted thee at first, O tree, did it in an evil hour, and reared thee with impious hand for the destruction of posterity and the disgrace of the neighbourhood. I could well believe that he strangled his father, and stained his inner chamber with the blood of a guest murdered in the night. He must have been familiar

with the drugs of Colchis, and with all the crime that is anywhere invented, who set thee up in my grounds; thee, wretched log, destined to fall on the head of thy harmless owner. Men never take sufficient precautions against what they ought to avoid every hour. The Carthaginian mariner shudders at the Bosporus, and dreads not unexpected death elsewhere beyond. The soldier fears the shafts and swift flight of the Parthian: the Parthian's terror is the chains and the prison at Rome; but the unforeseen stroke of death has carried off, and will carry off, the nations of the world. How narrowly I escaped seeing the realm of swarthy Proserpine, and Æacus on his judgment-seat, and the separate abodes of the just, and Sappho reproaching, on Æolian lyre, the maidens of her country, and thee, O Alcæus, rehearsing in richer melody the hardships of seafaring life, of exile, and of war! The shades admire as each descants on themes worthy of sacred and silent attention, but the rabble jostling with crowded shoulders drinks in rather with open ears the history of war and of the expulsion of tyrants. What wonder when, bewitched by these strains, the hundred-headed brute throws back his sable ears, and the snakes entwined in the Furies' locks keep holiday! Nay, more, even Prometheus and the father of Pelops are beguiled of their tortures by the sweet melody, and Orion does not care to pursue the lions or timorous lynxes.

ODE XIV.

Heigho! Postumus, Postumus, the swift years glide away, and piety will grant no delay to wrinkles and the advance of old age and the victory of death. Not though, my friend, you seek to propitiate the remorseless Pluto with a daily sacrifice of three hundred bulls,—Pluto, who confines three-bodied Geryon and Tityus under the dismal stream that must, indeed, be crossed by all who enjoy the bounties of earth, whether men of rank or poor husbandmen. In vain shall we avoid bloody war and the breakers of the hoarse Adriatic; in vain in the Autumn months shall we dread the pestilential South wind. Still must we visit the black Cocȳtus, wandering with sluggish stream, and the ill-famed daughters of Danaus, and Sisyphus, son of Æolus, doomed to eternal toil. Your land, your house, and your winsome wife must all be left behind; and of the trees you cultivate, none save the unwelcome cypresses will follow their short-lived owner to the grave. A worthier heir will drain your abundant Cæcuban, kept under a hundred keys; and will stain the pavement with rich wine, costlier than the pontiffs' vintage.

ODE XV.

Stately piles of building will now leave but few acres for the plough. On all hands fish ponds will be a sight to see, of greater extent than the Lucrine lake, and the bachelor plane-tree will supplant

the marrying elms. Then violet beds and myrtle groves, and a rich profusion of perfumes, will diffuse a sweet odour through the olive groves that proved fertile to a former lord.

Then, too, the bay-tree with its dense leafage will shut out the scorching rays of the sun. It was far otherwise ordained under the sway of Romulus and by the example of the unkempt Cato, and under the *régime* of the ancients. With them private fortunes were limited, the public treasury well filled. No verandah, measured by the ten-foot rule of the wealthy, hid the gloomy North from view; and the laws did not suffer them to despise the cottage of chance turf, directing them to adorn their towns at the public cost, and to decorate the temples of the gods with newly-hewn marble.

ODE XVI.

Rest is what the mariner prays for, caught by a storm in the wide Ægean, when the moon is hid in a black cloud, and the stars shine with unsteady light upon the sailor. Rest is what warlike Thrace cries for, and the Medes, graced with the quiver,—rest, O Grosphus, that cannot be purchased with jewels, with purple, or with gold. For neither wealth nor the consul's lictor has power to disperse the wretched disquietudes of the mind, and cares that flutter round panelled ceilings. Those men live well on scanty fare whose family salt-cellar

shines on a frugal board; for neither fear nor mean avarice, in their case, banishes gentle sleep. Why do we boldly aim at so much in our short span of life? Why do we exchange for our own land those that are warmed elsewhere by the sun? What exile from his fatherland is banished from himself also? Unhealthy care climbs the brazen-beaked galley, and quits not the troops of horse, swifter than the stag, and fleeter than the East wind that drives the storm-clouds along. Let the heart that is happy and contented for the present avoid all anxiety about what is to come, and season the bitter cup of life with a careless laugh. Happiness comes not from every quarter. Sudden death carried off renowned Achilles, while a tedious old age wasted Tithōnus away, and to me, perhaps, the present hour will grant what it has denied to you. Around you a hundred flocks bleat and the heifers of Sicily low; to you the mare yoked to the four-horse car whinnies; you are clothed with wool twice dipped in the purple of Africa. To me a faithful destiny has given a little farm, and a delicate whisper of the Grecian Muse, and a thorough contempt for the mean rabble.

ODE XVII.

Why dost thou make my heart-blood run cold with thy coronach of grief? It is not the wish of the gods nor mine that thou shouldst die before me, O Mæcenas, the great glory and pillar of my for-

tunes. Ah! if some premature stroke should carry thee off, the half of my life, why should I, the other half, tarry behind, neither in this case equally dear nor surviving intact? That day will be the fall of us both. I have sworn no faithless oath; we will go, we will go, whenever you lead the way, fellow-travellers, prepared to take the last journey of all together. Neither the breath of the fire-belching Chimæra, nor the hundred-handed Gyas, if he rise again, will ever wrest me from my resolve, for thus is it determined by powerful Justice and the Fates. Whether the Scales or the terrible Scorpion looks down on me, the over-mastering influence of my natal hour, or Capricorn, lord of the Western wave, our horoscopes correspond in a wonderful way. Thee, the protection of Jove, shining in opposition to unnatural Saturn, delivered from death and retarded the wings of swift Fate, on the day that the full audience in the theatre thrice raised the glad sound of welcome and applause. Me, again, a tree that fell on my head had deprived of life, had not Faunus with his right hand lightened the blow —Faunus, the guardian of men of genius. Forget not in gratitude to offer sacrifices, and to dedicate a votive temple, while I shall slay a humble lamb.

ODE XVIII.

Neither ivory nor a panelled and gilded ceiling glitters in my home, nor do slabs of Hymettian

marble rest on pillars quarried from far Africa: nor have I, an upstart heir, laid claim to the palace of an Attalus; nor do high-born female dependants weave for me robes of Laconian purple. But honour and a genial vein of talent is mine, and the rich man seeks my dwelling though I am poor. I importune the gods for no further favour, nor do I solicit my wealthy friend for greater boons, happy enough with my single Sabine estate. Each day is thrust onwards by the next, and new moons hasten to wane. *You* issue contracts for the hewing of marble, with one foot in the grave, and, forgetful of the tomb, rear edifices, and are eager to push forward the beach of the sea that roars at Baiæ, not rich enough with the mainland shore. What of this also that you all along tear up the nearest landmarks, and greedily trespass the boundaries of your clients? Husband and wife are evicted, bearing in their arms their household gods and their squalid offspring. Yet no hall more certainly awaits the wealthy landlord than the destination of hungry Orcus. Why push beyond? The impartial soil is upturned to receive the poor man and the sons of kings, and the servant of Orcus did not suffer cunning Prometheus to return, though bribed with gold. This god (Orcus) holds in custody Tantalus and his arrogant race. This god, whether invoked or not, listens, and is ready to relieve the poor man who has finished his earthly labours.

ODE XIX.

I saw Bacchus in a rocky retreat teaching his songs (let posterity believe it), and the Nymphs, his apt pupils, and the ears of the goat-footed Satyrs erect and attentive. Evoe! My soul trembles with a recent fear, and wildly rejoices, since my heart is full of the inspiration of the gods. Evoe! O spare me, Bacchus, spare me, thou who art to be dreaded for thy terrible thyrsus. It is mine to celebrate the enthusiastic Bacchants, and the fount of wine and milk, and those rich streams, and I may repeat the tale of honey oozing from the hollow trunks. It is my prerogative also to describe the distinction of a highly-favoured consort enrolled among the stars, and the house of Pentheus shattered in terrible ruin, and the destruction of Thracian Lycurgus. Thou stayest the rivers in their course, and calmest the Red Sea. On the lonely hillside, moist and mellow with wine, thou weavest the locks of the Bistones in harmless viper-knots. What time the impious troop of Giants attempted to scale the kingdom of Father Jove, up the difficult height, thou didst hurl Rhœtus back, with the claws and terrible fangs of a lion. Though said to be more given to dance and mirth and sport, and held to be unfitted for strife, yet thou wert equally powerful, whether engaged in peace or war. Thee, adorned with golden horn, Cerberus beheld, without harming thee, gently wagging his tail, and with triple tongue licked thy feet and limbs as thou returnedst.

ODE XX.

On no weak or worn pinion shall I, a two-formed bard, soar aloft through the clear air, and, sojourning no longer on earth, rising far above the reach of envy, I shall leave the cities of men. The child of humble parentage, I, whom you call your dear friend, O Mæcenas, shall not die, nor be confined by the Stygian wave. Even now the rough skin is settling on my legs, and in my upper parts I am being transformed into a white bird, and the light feathers are growing on my fingers and shoulders. Now better known than Icarus, the son of Dædalus, I, a bird and bard of song, shall visit the shores of the moaning Bosporus, and the African quicksands, and the plains at the back of the North wind. Of me the Colchian and the Dacian who hides his fear of the Moorish band, and the far Geloni shall hear; and I shall be known to the learned Spaniard and the drinker of the Rhone. Let dirges be done away with in my fictitious funeral, and all unworthy lamentations and regrets. Hush your noisy sorrow, and dispense with the empty honours of a tomb.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

I LOATHE the unsanctified rabble, and give them a wide berth. Favour me with your attentive silence. The priest of the Muses, I sing to youths and maidens strains unheard before. The sway of awe-inspiring monarchs extends over their respective flocks; they themselves are subject to the power of Jove; Jove renowned for his victory over the Giants, Jove who shakes the world with his nod. It may happen that one man ranges his orchard trees in trenches at wider intervals than another; that one man steps down into the Campus Martius, a candidate of nobler birth than the rest; that another enters on the contest, superior in character and reputation; that another has a greater throng of clients. Destiny, with impartial law, assigns the fate of men of high and low degree. The capacious urn keeps in motion the names of all. When a drawn sword hangs over the offender's head, neither will the banquets of Sicily furnish forth for him a sweet relish, nor will the music of birds and the lyre bring back repose. Gentle sleep scorns not the lowly peasant's home, nor the shady bank, nor Tempē,

fanned by the breezes of the West. If a man desires only what is sufficient, he is not disquieted by the billowy sea, nor by the fierce onset of setting Arcturus, or rising Hædus. Nor is he vexed by seeing his vines battered by the hail; nor by a disappointing farm, his trees now blaming the excessive rains, now the constellations that parch the fields, now the inclement winters. The fish are aware that the waters have been contracted by moles thrown out into the sea. Into this (narrowed space) the contractor, with his swarm of workmen, lets down the unhewn blocks of stone, and the proprietor, tired of the land he has (looks on). But fears and forebodings climb to the same place as the master, and gloomy care quits not the brazen-beaked galley, and sits behind the horseman. But if neither the marble of Synnada, nor the wearing of purples brighter than the sun, nor the Falernian wine, nor Persian ointment, has power to soothe the troubled mind, why should I rear a lofty hall, with envied pillars, and in the newest style? Why should I exchange my Sabine valley for more troublesome riches?

ODE II.

Let the young Roman, invigorated by active service, learn to endure cheerfully pinching privation, and let the knight terrible with his spear harass the fierce Parthians, and let him spend his life in the open, in the midst of dangers. For him the mother

of some belligerent king and her grown-up daughter, as she gazes on him from the enemy's walls, may heave a sigh, dreading, alas! that her royal betrothed, unskilled in fight, may rouse the lion, a rough foe to handle, whom bloodthirsty rage hurries into the midst of the carnage. It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country, and death overtakes even him who is fleet of foot, nor does it spare the timid limbs and back of unwarlike youth. Virtue, regardless of a base defeat, shines with untarnished distinction, nor does she take up or lay down her office at the beck of popular caprice. Virtue, opening heaven to those who have not deserved to die, essays a journey by a path denied to man, and, on soaring pinions, spurns the vulgar throng and the muddy earth. Faithful silence has also its sure reward. I shall not suffer the man who discloses the sacred rites of mysterious Ceres to abide under the same roof-tree, or to set sail in the same skiff with me. Often Father Jove, when forgotten, joins the innocent with the guilty. Rarely has Retribution, though lame of foot, given up the chase after the culprit who flees before her.

ODE III.

The man of upright and resolute soul is not shaken in his firm and fixed determination, either by the heat of ill-advising partisans, or by the power of the menacing despot, or by the South Wind, bluster-

ing tyrant of storm-vexed Hadria, or by the mighty hand of thundering Jove. If the shattered world were to overwhelm him, the wrack would smite him, but not with fear. By such qualities, Pollux and roaming Hercules, struggling, reached the ethereal heights, amid whom Augustus, reclining, sips nectar with purple-stained lips. By such, Father Bacchus, thy tigresses, supporting the yoke on necks untamed, bore thee to heaven, worthy of the honour. By such, Romulus, in the chariot of Mars, avoided death, for Juno had spoken these words, welcome to the synod of the gods:—"Ilium, Ilium, a fate-fraught and unchaste arbiter, and a foreign bride, have brought down to the dust, from the time when Laomedon defrauded the gods of their stipulated recompense, given over to me, and the chaste Minerva, with its faithless people and chief. Now, neither is the ill-famed guest, glorious in the eyes of the adulteress of Laconia, nor does the perjured house of Priam, by the aid of Hector, repel the warrior Greeks, and the campaign, protracted by our feuds, has come to an end. From henceforth I shall hand over to Mars both the deadly quarrel and the detested offspring whom the Trojan priestess bore. Him I shall suffer to enter the abodes of light, and to quaff the juicy nectar, and to be enrolled among the number of the gods 'who live at ease'. While the wide ocean rages 'twixt Ilium and Rome, may they rule in happiness, in whatever region their exile lot is cast.

While the flock bounds over the tombs of Priam and Paris, and the wild beasts, unmolested, hide their young, may the gleaming Capitol stand fast, and may warlike Rome have the power to dictate measures to the conquered Medes. Far and wide may she spread the terror of her name, even to the remotest shores, where the intervening sea severs Europe from Africa, where the swelling Nile waters the fields,—braver in despising the undiscovered gold, hid in the earth and better placed there, than in gathering it for the uses of mankind, with a hand that rifles all that is sacred. Whatever is the limit that bounds the earth, may she reach it in her victorious progress of arms, longing to visit the regions where the fires hold revel, and those where mists and moistness prevail. But I pronounce the destiny of the warlike Romans with this condition, that, in their excess of patriotism and pride of success, they think not of rebuilding the walls of ancestral Troy. The fortune of Troy, rising again under evil omens, will be repeated with dire disaster, while I, the sister and wife of Jove, lead the ranks to victory. If the strong wall were thrice to rise again by Apollo's skill, thrice would it fall destroyed by my Greeks; thrice would the captive wife bewail her husband and sons." These subjects will not suit the sportive lyre. Whither away, my Muse? Cease persistently to rehearse the dialogues of the gods, and to impair, by humble measures, the dignity of lofty themes.

ODE IV.

DESCEND from heaven, Queen Calliope, and come sing me, with thy clear ringing voice, a stately song, whether with the flute as accompaniment or the strings of Phœbus' lyre. Hark, do you hear her, or is it a pleasing illusion that beguiles me? Methinks I hear and wander amid the sacred groves through which pleasant streams and breezes pass. When a child, wearied with play and sleepiness, the doves of fable on Apulian Vultur, just beyond the borders of my native Apulia, covered me with fresh leaves; something for all to marvel at who inhabit the aerial nest of lofty Acherontia and the forest glade of Bantia and the rich lands of low-lying Forentum; how I should sleep protected from the venomous vipers and bears; how I was covered with the gathered leaves of the sacred laurel and myrtle, a courageous child not unnoticed by the gods. Your votary, O ye Muses, I ascend the lofty Sabine heights, whether chilly Præneste, or low-lying Tivoli, or Baiæ by the sea attracts me. Charmed with your streams and choral dances, neither Philippi's rout, nor the accursed tree, nor Palinurus destroyed me in the Sicilian waves. Whenever you will be with me, a willing mariner I shall venture through the raging Bosporus, a traveller I shall dare to cross the burning sands of Syria's desert. I shall visit the Britons, cruel to strangers, and the Concani, who delight in horses' blood; and unscathed I shall reach the

Geloni, adorned with quivers, and the Scythian Tanais. You afford exalted Cæsar refreshing rest in Pierian cave when he seeks to bring his labours to an end, and has disposed his wearied cohorts in the towns. You both give gentle counsels to him, and delight in and foster the gift. We know how he who governs the brute earth and the wind-swept ocean, and who rules the cities of the world and the realms of gloom and the gods and the masses of men, alone, with impartial sway, destroyed with swooping thunderbolt the monstrous gang of impious Titans. That terrible troop, relying on their bristling arms, and the brothers who strove to pile Pelion on dark-wooded Olympus had struck Jove with great alarm. But what could Typhœus avail, rushing against the ringing ægis of Athene; or the stalwart Midas; or Porphyrion of towering stature; or Rhœtus and Enceladus, bold hurler of uprooted trees? On Jove's side stood Vulcan, eager for the fray, the matronly Juno, and the god who never will sling his bow unused on his shoulders, he who bathes his flowing locks in the pure water of Castalia's fount, who dwells in the dense forests of Lycia, and in his native wood,—Apollo, tenant both of Delos and Patara. Strength, without reason's guide, falls by its own impulse. Strength, well directed, the gods also increase and advance, while they abhor the strong who use their strength for evil ends. A witness to my contention is the hundred-handed Gyas, and Orion,

notorious for his attempt to violate the chaste Diana, slain as he was by the virgin's shafts. Earth groans over her progeny of monsters placed beneath her, and deplores that her offspring were hurled with thunderbolt to ghastly Orcus; nor has the swift fire eaten through Ætna that lies on the giant; nor has the vulture quitted the liver of the lustful Tityus,—the warder assigned to punish his wickedness, and three hundred chains confine the amorous Pirithous.

ODE V.

We have formed our belief that Jove the Thunderer holds sway in heaven. A god on earth shall Augustus be esteemed when he has added the Britons and formidable Parthians to his empire. Has the soldier of Crassus saved his life by becoming the degraded husband of a foreign wife? Alas for the senate of my country and the degeneracy of the times! Have the Marsian and Apulian grown old in the service of the enemy (among whom they find) their fathers-in-law, under a Parthian king; forgetful of the sacred shields and their name and citizenship and eternal Vesta, while the Capitol and the city of Rome are safe and secure? The far-seeing mind of Regulus had anticipated this danger, repudiating base conditions and drawing from such precedent the prospect of ruin in time to come, should the captured youth not die unpitied. "I have seen," he said, "standards hung in Carthaginian temples, and spoils snatched

from the soldiers without bloodshed. I have seen the arms of citizens bound to their free backs, and the gates unbarred, and fields, wasted by our warriors, being cultivated again. Doubtless the soldier will return more eager for fight when he is ransomed with gold! You add loss of money to disgrace, for as the wool stained with dye regains not its original whiteness, so true valour, once it has departed, cares not to return to debased minds. When the deer, disentangled from the close meshes of the net, shows fight, then he shall prove brave who has trusted himself to the faithless foe, and in a second war will trample the Carthaginian under foot; he who feels the thongs that bind back his arms, and makes no struggle to be free, and shows fear of death; he, ignorant of the means by which he should gain life, has confounded peace with war. O shame! O mighty Carthage, rising higher by the shameful fall of Rome." Regulus is said to have denied himself the kiss of his virtuous wife and little children, as being no longer a Roman citizen, and sternly to have set his manly gaze upon the earth until, by his influence, he confirmed the wavering senators by proposing measures never before advised, and through his sorrowing friends he hurried away, a noble exile. And though he knew what tortures the barbarian executioner was preparing for him, yet he pushed aside his friends who strove to detain him, and the people who sought to delay his attempted return, just as if he were

leaving the tedious cases of his clients after settling their disputes, setting his face to the fields of green Venafrum and Lacedæmonian Tarentum.

ODE VI.

O Roman, thou shalt, though innocent, pay the penalty for the shortcomings of thy ancestors till thou hast repaired the temples and ruinous fanes of the gods, and their statues begrimed with black smoke. Thou rulest because thou bearest thyself inferior to the gods. From them draw the origin, to them ascribe the issue of every undertaking. The gods, forgotten, inflicted many disasters on Italy, sunk in grief, for twice already Monæses and the band of Pacorus crushed our ill-fated assaults, and rejoice to have added booty to their trophies, scanty enough before. The Dacian and Æthiopian have well-nigh destroyed our city, embroiled in seditions; the former dreaded for his fleet, the latter superior in archery. An age, fertile in crime, first degraded the marriage rites and their race and homes. Springing from this fountain-head Corruption flowed forth over country and people. The marriageable maiden delights to be taught the movements of the Ionic dance, and is trained in seductive arts. Even now, from tender youth, she contemplates unholy amours. Anon she seeks younger gallants while her husband is over his cups, nor selects to whom she may grant by stealth forbidden favours when the lights are re-

moved. But, at her gallant's beck and before her husband's face and with his knowledge, she rises, whether a pedlar or the skipper of a Spanish galleon, the extravagant purchaser of infamy, summons her. Not from such parents was the youth sprung who dyed the sea with Carthaginian blood, and smote Pyrrhus and mighty Antiochus and the redoubtable Hannibal. But they were a manly race of country-bred soldiers, taught to upturn the soil with Sabine spade; and, at the bidding of a stern mother, to bring home the cut faggots, what time the sun was changing the shadows of the hills, and taking the yoke from the wearied kine, hastening with departing car the sweet time of rest. What has not destroying time impaired? The age of our parents, worse than that of their forefathers, has sent us forth a more degenerate race, soon to give birth to a still more tainted progeny.

ODE VII.

Why weepest thou, Asterie, for Gyges whom the clear West winds in opening spring will bring back to thee, enriched with Bithynian merchandise—a youth of constant mind? He, driven by the South winds to Oricum, after the season of stormy Capra's constellation, passes the wintry nights sleeplessly and sheds many a tear. And yet the messenger of his lovelorn hostess, telling him that Chloë sighs for him and is miserably wasting away with the love that is

yours by right, assails him craftily in a thousand ways. He relates how a faithless woman induced unsuspecting Prœtus by false accusations to hasten the death of over-virtuous Bellerophon. He describes how Peleus narrowly escaped Tartarus when he continently fled from Magnesian Hippolyte, and, with guileful art he recalls legends that allure to crime. In vain, for, deafer than the rocks of Icarus, he hears those glozing words, still uncorrupted. But, as for you, see that your neighbour Enipeus finds not too much favour in your eyes. Although no more skilful horseman is seen in the field of Mars, though none swims so swiftly down the channel of the Tiber, shut your house at nightfall, and look not down into the streets at the piping of the plaintive flute, and remain obdurate to him who often calls thee cruel.

ODE VIII.

You wonder what I, a bachelor, am doing on the First of March, what the garlands mean, and the censer filled with incense, and the live coals laid on the fresh cut altar turf, Mæcenas, learned though you are in the literature of Greece and Rome. I had vowed a grateful feast and a white goat to Bacchus, having almost met my death by the fall of a tree. This festive anniversary shall draw the cork secured with pitch from the jar taught to imbibe the smoke in the Consulship of Tullus. Drain a hundred cups, Mæcenas, to celebrate the safety of your friend, and

prolong your wakeful carousal till the light of day. Away with all noise and wrangling. Forget your official anxieties about the city. The army of Dacian Cotiso is fallen. The hostile Parthian is embroiled in civil and suicidal strife. The Cantabrian, our old enemy on the Spanish coast, is subdued and chained at long last. Now the Scythians think of abandoning the plains with bows unstrung. Take life easy, and forbear, as if you were a private citizen, to be over-anxious about popular grievances. Seize with joy the bounties of the present hour, and let serious business go.

ODE IX.

He. "What time I was acceptable to thee, and no other more favoured suitor threw his arms around thy snowy neck, I flourished happier than Persia's king."

She. "Whilst thou wert not more enamoured of another, and Lydia was not deemed inferior to Chloë, I, of famous name, flourished more illustrious than Roman Ilia."

He. "Thracian Chloë now sways my heart, taught to discourse sweet measures, and mistress of the lyre, and for her I would not refuse to die if the Fates spared her surviving life" (*or* my life, *i.e.*, Chloë).

She. "Calais, son of Ornytus of Thurii, inflames me with mutual love, and for him I would twice die if the Fates spared the surviving boy."

He. "What say you if the old love returns and binds us who have been separated, under his strong yoke? What if golden-haired Chloë is cast off, and the door stands open for rejected Lydia?"

She. "Though *he* is fairer than the stars, and thou lighter than cork, and more passionate than the unruly Adriatic, with thee I would choose to live, with thee I would willingly die."

ODE X.

Even wert thou, O Lyce, a drinker of the far-distant Tanais, wedded to a stern husband, thou wouldst weep to expose me, lying before thy cruel door, to the Northern blasts that bluster there. Hearest thou the creaking of the door and the howling of the winds through the trees planted amid the trim villas, and how Jove in a cloudless sky congeals the fallen snow? Lay down thy pride, which is displeasing to Venus, lest wheel and rope run back together. Thy Etruscan father did not beget thee, a Penelope harsh to her suitors. Though neither presents, nor prayers, nor lovers' paleness touched with dark lines, nor a husband smitten with a Pierian wanton, bends thy will, spare thy suppliants, thou who art not more pliant than the tough oak, nor gentler of heart than Moorish serpents. This side of mine (as I lie) will not ever be patient of thy threshold and the rains of heaven.

ODE XI.

O Mercury—for Amphion, apt pupil with thee as master, moved the stones with his song, and thou, O Lyre, skilled to discourse melody from thy seven strings, not musical before nor acceptable—now welcome at the tables of the wealthy, and in the temples of the gods, sing measures to which Lyde may lend her obdurate ears, Lyde, who, like a mare of three years, on the broad plain prances in her pride, and shrinks from being caught—a stranger to wedlock, and as yet unripe for an eager husband. Thou canst lead woods and tigers in thy train, and delay swift-flowing rivers. The janitor of the huge hall, Cerberus, has yielded to thy bewitching strains, though a hundred snakes guard his fearful head, and a noisome breath and gore distil from his triple mouth. Nay more, Ixion and Tityus were compelled to smile; the pitcher stood empty awhile, when thou didst beguile the daughters of Danaus with thy charming music. Let Lyde learn their crime, and the notorious punishment of the maidens, and hear of the vessel emptied of the water that disappears through its lowest depths, and of the long-deferred doom that awaits crime, even in Orcus. Unnatural women! for what greater enormity could they perpetrate? Unnatural, they had the cruelty to murder their husbands with the relentless steel. One of the many, worthy of the nuptial torch, proved gloriously false to her perjured parent—a maiden, she, renowned in all coming time. "Rise," she said to her

youthful husband, "rise, lest the sleep that knows no waking be sent thee from a quarter thou fearest not. Give the slip to thy father-in-law and wicked sisters, who, like lionesses that have seized calves, ah! they rend them one by one; but I, gentler than they, shall neither smite thee, nor detain thee in bonds. Me my father may load with cruel chains, because in pity I spared a wretched man. Me he may banish in his ship to the far confines of Numidia. Go where thy feet and the breezes hurry thee away, while Night and Love are thy friends. Go, and all good go with thee, and carve on my tomb a mournful epitaph in memory of me."

ODE XII.

It is the fate of us poor women, neither to amuse ourselves with love, nor to drown our cares in sweet wine, or (if we do) to be scared to death in terror of the scourge of an uncle's tongue. The winged boy of Cytherea takes thy wool-basket away, thy web, and the occupations of industrious Minerva, (he appearing in) the bright beauty of Hebrus of Lipara when he has laved his anointed shoulders in the waves of Tiber, a horseman superior to Bellerophon himself, never defeated for slowness of fist or foot, skilled also to shoot, in the startled herd, the stags bounding across the open, and quick to pierce the boar lurking in the deep thicket.

ODE XIII.

O FOUNTAIN of Bandusia, clearer than glass, worthy of sweet libations and garlands as well, tomorrow thou shalt be honoured with a kid, whose forehead, bursting with his first horns, points to deeds of love and war. In vain, for the offspring of a wanton flock will tinge thy cool waters with red blood. Thee the fierce season of the scorching dog-star cannot reach; thou grantest a delightful cooling to the oxen wearied by the plough, and to the wandering herd. Thou, too, shalt become one of the fountains of fame, while I sing of the holm oak, perched on thy caverned rocks, whence thy babbling waters leap forth.

ODE XIV.

O PEOPLE of Rome, Cæsar, like Hercules, a little ago talked of as having sought the bay-wreath purchasable at the risk of death, returns victorious from the Spanish coast to his home. Let his wife, who rejoices in a matchless husband, go forth offering sacrifices to the just gods, and with her the sister of the renowned general, and the mothers of the young women, adorned with suppliant fillet, and of the young men just returned safe and sound. Do ye, O youths and wedded wives, refrain from ill-omened words. The festal day will assuredly banish my black cares. I shall dread neither riot nor a violent death when Cæsar holds the world in his hands.

Go, my page, fetch ointment and wreaths, and a cask that dates from the time of the Marsian war, if by any chance a jar has escaped the hands of the roaming Spartacus, and bid clear-voiced Neæra hasten to bind her myrrh-scented hair in a knot, and, if the sulky janitor objects, then come away. Whitening hair cools passionate desires for bickerings and wanton brawls. I should not have taken this so lightly, in the glow of youth, when Plancus was consul.

ODE XV.

Wife of poor Ibycus, pray make an end of thy misconduct and infamous practices; and as thou drawest nearer to the grave that is ready for thee, cease to sport among the maidens and to becloud the lustre of the stars. What befits Pholoë well enough does not suit thee also, O Chloris. Thy daughter, with a better grace, carries by storm the young men's homes, like a Thyiad excited by the sound of the timbrel. Her the love of Nothus makes to sport like a wanton roe. Thee, an old hag, the wool, shorn near well-known Luceria, becomes, but not lyre music, nor the brilliant blossoms of the rose, nor casks drained to the dregs.

ODE XVI.

A brazen tower, and stout oaken doors, and the dismal watch of wakeful hounds, would have suffi-

ciently protected imprisoned Danaë from night-roaming gallants, had not Jupiter and Venus laughed at Acrisius, the fearful guardian of the hidden maiden, (knowing) that there would be a safe and open entrance when the god was turned into gold. Gold is wont to go through the midst of the body-guard, and to break through walls with greater power than the lightning stroke. The house of the Greek prophet fell, sunk in ruin, because of a money bribe. The hero of Macedonia burst open the gates of cities and overwhelmed rival kings by gifts of gold. Such bribes ensnare the gruff captains of ships. Increase of wealth is accompanied by care and a hunger for more. Wisely I shrank from raising my head so as to be conspicuous far and near, O Mæcenas, pride of the knights. The more a man denies himself, the more he will receive from the gods. Stripped of all I have, I repair to the camp of those who covet not, and a deserter from the ranks of the wealthy, I yearn to change my party, more glorious as the owner of an estate despised by others, than if I were reputed to keep hoarded in granaries of my own all that the active Apulian gains by the plough—poor in the midst of great wealth. A rill of clear water, and a wood of a few acres, and the unfailing promise of my crops, is, though he knows it not, a happier lot than his who is the glittering lord of fertile Africa. Though neither Calabrian bees bring me honey, nor does wine mellow for me in Formian jar, nor do

thick fleeces grow for me in Gallic pastures, still the pinch of privation is not here, nor, if I asked for more, would you refuse me. I shall eke out my humble income better by limiting my desires, than if I were to unite, in one stretch, the realm of Alyatteus with the Mygdonian plains. Those who wish for much, want much. Well for him to whom with frugal hand the deity has given what is enough.

ODE XVII.

O Ælius, noble descendant of ancient Lamus (since they say that the former Lamiæ also were named from him and the whole race of their descendants, as is attested in the memorial registers), thou derivest thine origin from him, the founder of the house, who is said to have been the first to hold the walls of Formiæ and the Liris gliding on the marshes of Marica, a lord of ample sway. To-morrow the storm sent from the East shall strew the grove with many a leaf, and the strand with useless seaweed, unless the aged raven, prophet of rain, deceives me. Gather the dry faggots while you can. To-morrow, accompanied by your servants on holiday, you will comfort your soul with wine and a pig two months old.

ODE XVIII.

O Faunus, wooer of the fugitive nymphs, tread with gentle footsteps over my fields and sunny

pastures and depart propitious to my younglings, if a tender kid falls in sacrifice at the year's close and copious draughts of wine are not denied to the bowl, love's comrade; if the old altar smokes with lavish incense. The whole herd disport in the grassy meadow when the Nones of December return to thee. The villagers, holding festival on the lea, have a rest from work, and the ox is released from the plough. The wolf roams among the pert lambkins. The forest sheds its woodland leaves in thy path. The delver delights to beat with his foot, in triple time, the hateful earth.

ODE XIX.

You relate what interval elapsed between Inachus and Codrus, who did not hesitate to die for his country, and describe the race of Æacus and the wars waged under sacred Troy, but you are silent regarding the price of Chian wine, and you do not tell us who is to mingle hot and cold water for the bath, who is to afford us shelter for our carouse, and at what hour I may feel safe from the Pelignian frosts. Give me, my page, with all speed, a cup to the New Moon, one to Midnight, and the augur Muræna. The bowls are mixed with three or nine cups, according to taste. He who loves the odd number of the Muses, the bard, in a fine frenzy, will demand thrice three. The Grace who dislikes brawls, linked with her nude sisters, forbids us to transgress the bounds

of three. It is pleasant to hold high revel. Why do Cybele's flutes fail to blow? Why does the pipe hang beside the mute lyre? I hate niggardly hands. Sprinkle roses. Let grumpy Lycus hear our mad uproar, and our neighbour, ill-mated with the old man. Thee, Telephus, handsome with thy thick glossy hair, thee a rival to the clear Star of Evening, well-matched Rhode adores. Me the slow burning fire of love for Glycera inflames.

ODE XX.

Do you not see with what risk, O Pyrrhus, you remove the cubs of the African lioness? Soon, after a severe struggle, you will flee, a dastard robber, when through the opposing throng of youths she will rush in quest of the handsome Nearchus—(and there will follow) a terrific contest as to whether the booty is to fall to thee rather than to her. Meanwhile, whilst thou bringest forth thy swift arrows and she has whetted her terrible fangs, the umpire of the fray is said to have kept the palm of victory placed under his naked foot, and to have cooled, in the gentle breeze, his shoulder, sprinkled with his scented hair, such as Nireus was, or Ganymede carried off from "many-fountained" Ida.

ODE XXI.

O JAR, dating like myself from the Consulship of Manlius, whether you contain matter for murmur-

ing or mirth, or for brawls and mad amours, or, gentle jar, the spell of light slumber; for whatever purpose you hold the favourite Massic wine, worthy to be removed on a happy day, come down when Corvinus bids thee produce mellower wine. He will not gruffly refuse thee, though he is steeped in Socratic discourses. The valour even of old-world Cato is said often to have been warmed with wine. Thou appliest a gentle spur to the disposition that is generally taciturn; thou revealest the cares of the wise and their secret counsels, by the aid of merry Bacchus. Thou bringest back to anxious souls hope as well as strength, and grantest the poor man horns of might, for he, after drinking of thee, dreads not the tiaras of frowning tyrants nor the arms of the soldiery. Thee, Bacchus, and Venus, if she deigns to come, and the Graces, reluctant to loose the bond that unites them, and the wakeful lamps shall prolong, while the returning sun puts the stars to flight.

ODE XXII.

O MAIDEN, guardian of mountains and woods, goddess three-named, who, when thrice invoked, hearest and deliverest from death women in the throes of child-birth, let the pine, sacred to thee, overshadow my country seat, so that every year I may have the pleasure of offering to it the sacrifice of a boar that essays a sidelong thrust.

ODE XXIII.

If, O homely Phidyle, at the new moon thou raisest thy palms to heaven, if thou appeasest the Lares with incense, and the first of the year's produce, and a hungry pig, neither will thy productive vine suffer from the pestilential South-West wind, nor thy crops experience the blighting mildew, nor thy dear younglings the fatal period of apple-bearing autumn. For the destined victim that is reared on snow-capt Algidus among the oaks and holms, or that grows in the pastures of Alba, will stain the axes of the pontiffs with its life-blood. It avails thee nothing to seek to conciliate thy little gods with wreaths of rosemary, and brittle myrtle, and with the frequent slaughter of young sheep. Though the hand that touches the altar is empty, and is not enhanced by a costly victim, it succeeds in appeasing the displeasure of the gods of thy home with the sacred meal and the crackling salt.

ODE XXIV.

Though thy wealth is greater than the unbroached treasures of the Arabs and rich India; though with thy building stones thou usurpest all the Tyrrhenian and Apulian Sea, yet if stern Necessity fixes her spikes of adamant on thy palace tops (*or* in thy head), thou wilt not rid thy soul of fear, nor deliver thy body from the snares of death. A better life lead the Scythians of the steppes, whose wains, after their

fashion, bear along their roaming dwellings, and the stern Getæ, whose undivided fields yield free fruits and corn, nor does tillage for more than a year suit them, and a successor, by a fair exchange, relieves him who has finished his task. There the guileless wife treats kindly her step-children who have no mother of their own, and a dowried consort does not lord it over her husband, nor confide in a perfumed gallant. The virtue of their parents is their ample dowry, and the chastity that, resting on an inviolable compact, shrinks from another man, and the knowledge that sin is infamy, and the penalty death. O whoever shall seek to abolish unnatural murders and the madness of civil strife, if he shall desire to have his name inscribed on the pedestals of statues, as FATHER OF THE CITIES, let him have the courage to rein in the unbridled licentiousness of the age, if he will gain renown from posterity; since, alas! the shame of it! we set small store on virtue when it is safe in our keeping; when it is taken from us, we seek for it earnestly. What avail dismal lamentations if crime is not cut short by punishment? What is the use of empty laws without morality, if neither that portion of the world that is environed by burning heat, nor the clime that lies near the North, and the snows encrusted on the earth deter the trader; if expert mariners brave the stormy sea, if privation, a mighty disgrace! bids them do and suffer anything

whatever, and quits the steep path of virtue. Let us send to the Capitol, whither the shouts and throng of clients summon us, or let us fling into the nearest sea our jewels and precious stones and harmful gold, "root of all evil," if we are, indeed, thoroughly ashamed of our crimes. The first beginnings of covetousness must be rooted out, and minds that are too delicate must be moulded by invigorating pursuits. The freeborn Roman youth is untaught to sit his horse, and is afraid to join in the hunt, better skilled to trundle the Greek hoop, or, if you prefer it, to play at dice forbidden by the laws, while the false dealings of his father deceive his partner in trade and his host, and hasten to accumulate money for an unworthy heir. No doubt, ill-gotten gains grow apace. Still, somehow, there is always something awanting in the incomplete result.

ODE XXV.

Whither hurriest thou me, O Bacchus, filled with thine influence? Into what glens or grots am I carried by the rush of a new inspiration? In what caves shall I be heard composing and planning to set the deathless glory of illustrious Cæsar among the constellations, and in the company of Jove? I shall voice a noble strain, fresh and unuttered before by other mouth. Like the wakeful Bacchant on the mountain ridge, who is awestruck as she gazes forth on the Hebrus and Thrace, white with snow,

and on Rhodope, trodden by the foreigner's foot, it is pleasant for me, as I roam, to admire the banks and untenanted grove.

O deity, that rulest the Nymphs of the streams, and the Bacchants, who have power to uproot with their hands the tall ash trees, I shall utter nothing mean nor in humble style. Nothing merely mortal shall I sing. Sweet is the peril, O Lenæus, to follow the god who wreathes his temples with the green tendril of the vine.

ODE XXVI.

I LIVED, till lately, a favourite of the fair, and served my soldier time not without distinction. Now this wall shall have my weapons and my lyre that has ended its campaign, this wall which guards the left side of the temple of seaborn Venus. Here, here place the once bright torches, and the crowbars, and the bows that are directed against opposing doors. O goddess, who dwellest in blest Cyprus, and in Memphis, unvisited by Thracian snow, strike, O Queen, once with thy uplifted scourge the haughty Chloë.

ODE XXVII.

LET the bad be guided by the omen of a hooting owl, and a pregnant hound, or a tawny she-wolf speeding down from the fields of Lanuvium, and by a fox with young. Let a snake break off the journey they have begun, if it glides across their path like an

arrow, and scares the nags. I, for my part, a far-sighted seer, shall rouse from the East with my prayer the prophetic raven, in her behalf for whom I shall be solicitous, before the bird that heralds the coming storm returns to the stagnant pools. May you, with all my heart, be happy wherever you choose to go, and may you live not forgetful of me, O Galatea, and may neither the woodpecker appearing on the unlucky left, nor the wandering crow forbid thy voyage. But you see with what turmoil the sinking Orion hastens to set. *I* have experienced what the black gulf of Hadria is like, and what mischief clear Iapyx can make. May the wives and children of our enemies experience the black squalls of the rising South Wind, and the roar of the murky deep, and the shore trembling with the lashing of the billows. So, also, Europé committed her snowy form to the treacherous bull, and, brave as she was, grew pale when she beheld the deep teeming with monsters, and the perils of mid-ocean. Short time before, in the meadows, devoted to her flowers and engaged in weaving for the Nymphs an appropriate garland, now in the glimmer of night she saw nothing but the stars and the waves. And when she reached Crete the powerful, with its hundred cities, she exclaimed: "Father, O Name lost to thy daughter, and filial love destroyed by madness! Whence and whither have I come? My single death is of small account in comparison with a maiden's crime. Am I awake

when I thus deplore the foul deed, or does a false illusion beguile me, as if still free from crime, an illusion which, passing through the ivory gate, brings me only a dream? Was it better to voyage over the wide waters, or to cull the fresh flowers? If one should now bring me the ill-famed bull, in my wrath I should make trial to butcher him with the sword, and break the horns of the once-much-loved monster. Shameless I left my father's house. Shameless I hesitate to die. O whoever of the gods now hears me, would that I might wander naked among lions. Before unlovely leanness falls on my comely cheeks, and before life's sap leaves the tender prey, in all my charms I desire to be the food of tigers. Worthless Europé, thine absent father rebukes thee:—'Why dost thou delay to die? Thou canst with thy girdle, which has fortunately accompanied thee, do violence to thy neck suspended from this ash tree, or, if rocks and crags—sharp to kill thee—please thee better, come cast thee on the swift wind, unless thou wouldst rather card wool for thy mistress, though thou art of royal blood, and be handed over, a concubine, to the mercies of a foreign wife.'"

Venus, with a crafty smile, and her son, with bow unstrung, came to her in her sorrow. Soon, when Venus had laughed her fill, she said: "Calm your passion and hot anger, since the hateful bull will present again his horns to be mutilated by you.

Dost thou not know that thou art (*or* what it is to be) the wife of invincible Jove? Cease thy sobbing; learn to appreciate thy great good fortune; half the world will bear thy name."

ODE XXVIII.

What better could I be doing on Neptune's festival? Bring quickly, Lyde, the Cæcuban wine from the inner store, and carry the fortress of discretion by storm. You must know that the day is on the wane, and yet, as if swift time were at a standstill, you delay to fetch with all speed the amphora of the consulship of Bibulus, which lingers in the cellar. We shall sing by turns; I, of Neptune and the sea-green locks of the Nereids; you, in response, on the curved lyre, of Latona and the swift arrows of Cynthia. In closing song we shall celebrate the goddess who dwells in Cnidos and the gleaming Cyclades, and who visits Paphos in her car of swans. Night also shall be hymned in appropriate lullaby.

ODE XXIX.

Offspring of Tuscan kings, mellow wine from an unbroached cask, with rose-blooms and fragrant oil extracted from the nut for thy hair, have long awaited thee at my house. Make no delay, and pray do not for ever gaze on well-watered Tivoli and the sloping fields of Æsula and the hill ridges of Telegonus the parricide. Leave the luxury that palls on thee and

thy palace that touches the clouds on high. Forget to marvel at the smoke and wealth and bustle of prosperous Rome. A change of scene is generally grateful to the rich; and the neat and clean table of poorer men, under a humble roof, without awnings and purple, has often smoothed the wrinkles from the care-worn brow. Now the resplendent father of Andromeda reveals his hidden light; now Procyon burns; and the constellation of stormy Leo appears when the Sun brings back the thirsty days. Now the weary shepherd with his limp flock seeks the shade and the stream and the thickets of shaggy Silvanus; and the silent bank is unswept by the wandering winds. You are concerned about what policy best befits the state, and are nervously anxious for the City's sake, regarding the plots and plans of the Seres, and the Parthians under the sway of Cyrus, and the quarrelsome Scythians. The deity with foresight and wisdom veils in the thick darkness of night the issue of the future, and smiles if mortal man presumptuously seeks to pry further. Remember to arrange calmly for the present. All the rest is carried along like a river, now gliding down gently in mid channel into the Tuscan sea, now whirling the water-worn stones, and the uprooted trunks, and flocks, and homesteads pell-mell, with a roar echoing in the hills and neighbouring woods, when a furious spate rouses the generally peaceful streams. He will live a life of self-restraint and happiness who can say from day to

day, "I have lived". To-morrow Jove may fill the sky with black clouds or clear sunshine. Yet he will not annul the past nor change and bring to nought what the fleeting hour has once brought us. Fortune, rejoicing in her cruel work and obstinately bent on playing her imperious game, transfers her fickle honours, now propitious to me, now to another. I am pleased when she abides with me, but if she imps her swift wings for flight, I make back to her what she has given me, and wrap myself in virtue's cloak and seek an honest if scant and dowerless living. It is not for me, if the mast creaks before the South-west blasts, to condescend to piteous prayers, and by vows to bargain with the gods that neither Cyprian nor Tyrian merchandise shall add their wealth to the hungry sea. Then, with help of a two-oared boat, the breeze, and Pollux with his twin brother, will bring me safe ashore through the billows of the Ægean.

ODE XXX.

I HAVE completed a monument more enduring than statues of bronze and loftier than the royal pitch of the pyramids, one which neither the denuding rain nor the ungovernable North wind can destroy, nor the uncounted roll of the years and the flight of the ages. I shall not all die, and a great part of me shall escape the goddess of the grave. Still shall I flourish fresh in future fame, as long as

the pontiff with the silent vestal shall ascend to the Capitol. I shall be spoken of where boiling Ofanto roars, and where Daunus in his thirsty land rules over his rustic subjects, as one who has risen from humble effort to high renown, the first to have adapted Æolian song to the measures of Italy. Assume the dignity gained by thy deserts, and of thy favour wreathe my hair with Delphic laurel, O Melpomene.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

Dost thou again stir the long abandoned campaign of love, O Venus? Spare me, I pray, I pray; I am not what I was under the sway of poor dead Cinara. Forbear, cruel mother of the sweet loves, to turn in this direction one who is nearly fifty years of age, and who now is too hardened to obey thy gentle commands. Go whither the winning prayers of the young recall thee. More seasonably wilt thou speed, sailing in thy car of shining swans to the house of Paulus Maximus to hold revel there, if thou desirest to inflame a responsive heart. For he is nobly born and honourable, and no ineloquent defender of the trembling prisoners; and the boy who is versed in a hundred arts will bear abroad the standards of thy warfare; and whenever he shall laugh victorious over the gifts of a lavish rival, he will set thee in marble by the Alban lakes, under a citrus roof. There thou wilt inhale much incense, and be entertained by the mingled melodies of lyre and Berecyntian flute and Pan's pipe. There, at morn and eve, the youths and tender maidens, celebrating thy divinity with

twinkling feet, shall strike the earth with triple beat, after the fashion of the Salii. Me nor woman nor youth delights now, nor the fond hope of mutual attachment, nor the drinking bout and the wreath of fresh flowers on my temples. But why, Liguriinus, ah! why does the sometime tear trickle down my cheeks? Why does my once fluent voice falter in mid-speech, and fail in unbecoming silence? In the dreams of night I now hold thee captive; now follow thee swift speeding across the grassy Campus Martius; thee, obdurate, through the swirling waters of the bath.

ODE II.

He who seeks to rival Pindar, O Iulus, soars on waxen wings, invented by a Dædalus, and is doomed to give his name (like Icarus) to the glassy sea. Pindar, like a river tumbling down from the hills—a river that rains have swollen beyond its usual banks—boils, and rushes on, fathomless, in his deep tide of utterance. Worthy he to be dowered with the bay wreath of Apollo, whether he rolls new words along in his adventurous dithyrambs, and is swept onwards in numbers that are free from law; whether he sings of gods and kings, and the offspring of the gods by whose hands fell the Centauri in merited death, fell the fearful fire-belching Chimæra; or of those whom the palm of victory gained at Elis brings home in the seventh heaven; or of boxer

or equestrian he tells, and grants them a gift grander than a hundred statues; or bewails in song the young husband torn from his weeping bride; and exalts deeds of strength and courage and pure character to the stars, and grudges them to dismal Orcus. Strong swells the breeze that lifts the Dircæan Swan, O Antonius, when he soars into the lofty realms of cloudland. I, after the manner and habit of the Matinian bee, that with much busy toil gathers honey from the favourite thyme, round the grove and banks of well-watered Tivoli, I, a poet of humble pretensions, fashion my elaborate songs. You, a poet, will celebrate in grander strains Cæsar, when, adorned with the well-won wreath, he leads the wild Sygambri in triumph down the slope of the Sacred Way; Cæsar, than whom nothing greater or better have the Fates and the good Gods given to the world, nor will they give, though the times should return to the primeval age of gold. Thou shalt celebrate the days of rejoicing and the public city games in honour of the return of the redoubted Augustus, obtained in answer to our prayers, and the deserted market places with law courts closed. Then a full share of my voice will be added if I speak aught worth hearing, and I shall shout: O Fair Sun! O worthy of our plaudits! in my delight at the return of Cæsar. And as for thee, whilst thou goest forth in procession, we shall cry, again and again: *Io triumphe! Io triumphe!*

we the whole body of the citizens, and shall offer incense to the generous gods. Thee ten bulls and as many cows will release from thy vow; me a tender calf, which, after it has left its mother, grows to be a bullock in the abundant grass, for the paying of my vow—a brown calf with a white mark on its forehead, like the crescent moon three days old.

ODE III.

Him whom, O Melpomene, thou hast once looked upon at his birth with genial light, neither the Isthmian contest will render famous as a pugilist, nor will the spirited steed draw him in triumphal procession in Grecian car, nor will the pomp of war exhibit him to the Capitol a general adorned with the bay wreath of Apollo for having crushed the blustering threats of princes. But the waters that glide past fertile Tivoli, and the dense foliage of the trees, will make him renowned for Æolian song. The sons of Rome, Queen of cities, deem me worthy to be enrolled among the lovable band of bards, and already I am less bitten by the tooth of envy. O Muse that regulatest the sweet strumming of the golden lyre, O thou who mayest give, if thou choosest, to the dumb fish the music of swans, it is all of thy goodness that I am pointed out with the finger of the passers-by as the minstrel of the Roman lyre. My poetic breathings, and my popularity, such as it is, I owe to thee.

ODE IV.

Like the eagle, minister of the thunderbolt, to whom the king of the gods has granted sway over the wandering birds, having proved his fidelity in the case of yellow-haired Ganymede, the eagle whom once youth and inherited vigour drove forth from the nest, new to his work; and the winds of spring, the storm clouds having been banished, taught him, trembling with excitement, efforts unattempted before; anon, the dashing swoop sent him an enemy down into the sheepfolds; again, the love of feast and fight flung him into conflict with the writhing serpents; or, like the lion just weaned from the udder of a tawny dam, on which the roe, intent on pleasant pastures, looks, destined to perish by his untried teeth, so have the Vindelici regarded Drusus carrying on war at the base of the Rætian Alps. (I have put off enquiring whence they have derived the custom through all time of arming for offence their right hands with the Amazonian axe, and we may not know everything)—but long and widely have the victorious troops, conquered in turn by the strategy of a young soldier, learned to their cost what a mind and character, properly fostered under an auspicious roof, could achieve, what the fatherly influence of Augustus could do for the young Neros. The brave spring from the brave and good. There abides in cattle and in horses the spirit of their sires, and fierce eagles

do not produce timid doves. But training develops innate power, and well-directed education strengthens the soul. Whenever the moral power fails, defects disfigure native excellence.

Thy debt, O Rome, to the Neros is attested by the battle on the Metaurus, and the utter defeat of Hasdrubal, and that bright day when darkness was dispelled from Latium—that day that first smiled with gracious renown, since the dread African sped through the cities of Italy like a flame among torches, or the East wind over the Sicilian waves. After this, the Roman youth continued to prosper in successful enterprise, and the shrines of the gods, ruined by the impious burst of the Carthaginians, had the statues set erect again. And then, at last, the faithless Hannibal cried: "We, like stags, the quarry of hungry wolves, foolishly attack those whom to elude and escape is the chief triumph. The nation which, brave still after the burning of Troy, though tossed on Tuscan seas, succeeded in bringing its sacred treasures and aged sires to the cities of Italy, like the holm oak, lopped by the strong double axe on Algidus, rich in dark foliage, 'mid loss and wounds, draws spirit and strength from the very steel. The hydra, gaining strength as its body was mutilated, did not wax more strongly against Hercules, who disliked being beaten (than they did against their foes), nor has

the land of the Colchians or Thebes, city of Echion, sent from beneath the earth a greater prodigy. Plunge it in the deep; it emerges the fairer. Wrestle with it; amid loud plaudits it will throw the victor unconquered before, and carry on wars that will be talked of by wives. I shall not now send lordly envoys to Carthage. All our hope is fallen, is fallen, and the fortune of our name in the death of Hasdrubal. There is nothing that Claudian hands do not accomplish, which Jove, with favouring influence, protects, and the wise counsels of Augustus bring safely through the hazards of war."

ODE V.

Gift of the generous gods in thy birth, excellent guardian of the Roman nation, thou art now too long absent from us; come back, for thou didst promise a speedy return to the sacred council of the fathers. Restore the light of thy presence to thy country, for when thy face shines on the people, like the advent of spring, the day goes more gladly and the sun shines with brighter ray. As a mother, with vows and use of omens and prayers, calls back her son whom the South Wind with envious blast detains beyond the waters of the Carpathian Sea from his dear home, longer than the yearly sailing time, nor does she turn her eyes from the curving shore; so, smitten with faithful yearnings, the country desires Cæsar's return.

For the ox ambles in safety through the fields; the fields Ceres and benign Prosperity enrich; the sailors flit across the seas swept of pirates. Honour dreads reproach. The chaste home is not befouled with infamy. Custom and law have abolished the stain of crime. Women at childbirth are congratulated on an offspring resembling their sires. Punishment attends and suppresses crime. Who should dread the Parthian or the frost-bound Scythian, who the hordes that rough Germany gives birth to, when Cæsar is safe and sound? Who should care for the wars of savage Iberia? Each man brings the day quietly to a close on his own hillside, and trains the vine to the unwedded trees. Thereafter he returns not unwillingly to his wine, and at the second course invokes thee with libation as a god; thee with many a prayer, thee with wine poured from the cups he worships, blending thy divinity with the Lares, like Greece, not forgetful of Castor and mighty Hercules. O that, good general, thou wouldst vouchsafe long time of rejoicing to Hesperia! This we say, drymouthed in the morning, when the day is young; this we say, mellow with wine, when the sun is beneath the ocean.

ODE VI.

Deity, whom the offspring of Niobe found to their cost the avenger of a boastful tongue, and Tityus likewise who assaulted Latona, and the

Phthian Achilles, well-nigh victor of lofty Troy, surpassing the rest in might, but a soldier unfit to cope with thee, though the son of the sea goddess Thetis, he made the towers of Troy tremble when he assailed them with his terrible spear. He, like a pine tree hacked by the cutting steel, or a cypress overturned by the East Wind, fell prostrate, "extended long and large," and laid his neck in Trojan dust. *He* would not have shut himself in the horse that feigned to be an offering to Minerva, and would not have sought to give the slip to the Trojans, holding ill-timed festival, and to the palace of Priam, delighting in the revelry of the dance; but cruel as he was to prisoners captured in the open field of fight, he would have consumed in Grecian flames—alas for the infamy of it!—the child before it could speak, and the babe unborn, had not the father of the gods, won over by thy words and those of friendly Venus, granted with his nod to the fortunes of Æneas walls built (*or* traced) under better auspices. Teacher of the lute to clear-voiced Thalia, O Phœbus, who lavest thy long hair in the river Xanthus; defend the glory of the Italian muse, O smooth-cheeked Apollo. Phœbus granted me my inspiration and skill in song, and the name of poet. Ye noblest of maidens, and youths sprung from high-born sires, guardian care of the Delian goddess, who with her bow knocks down the fugitive lynx and stag, mark the time of the Sapphic measure and the beat of my

thumb; duly celebrating the son of Latona, duly the waxing of the Night-shiner that prospers the harvest, and is swift to roll on the hurrying months. Some day, when you are married, you will say—"I, when the secular period brought back the festal days, recited a hymn pleasing to the gods, having been taught to rehearse the measures of Horace the poet".

ODE VII.

The snow has taken flight; the grass now returns to the plains and the foliage to the trees. Earth passes through her regular changes, and the rivers with diminishing waters glide past their banks. The three Graces, with the Nymphs, venture forth nude to lead the dance. The revolving year and the hour that hurries off the happy day warn you not to dream of a life that will last. The frosts of winter are softened by the breezes of the West; summer hastens on the heels of spring, to disappear herself when apple-bearing autumn has shed its fruits, and anon idle winter returns. Although the swift speeding moons repair their losses in the sky, we, when we have fallen where father Æneas, rich Tullus, and Æacus dwell, are but ashes and shadow. Who knows whether the gods above may be pleased to add to-morrow's time to the sum of our to-days? All you spend on your own sweet soul will escape the greedy hands of your heir. When once you are dead and Minos has uttered his grand decision,

neither, O Torquatus, will your lineage nor your eloquence nor your high sense of duty bring you back, for Diana does not deliver the chaste Hippolytus from the nether gloom, nor has Theseus power to burst the Lethæan bonds of his friend Pirithous.

ODE VIII.

I SHOULD be glad to bestow goblets and bronzes, such as they would care for, upon my intimate friends, suiting the gifts to their tastes, O Censorinus; and I should present them with tripods, the prizes of the warrior Greeks, in which case you would not get the worst of the gifts, were I indeed rich in the works of art, which Parrhasius or Scopas created, the one skilled to represent man or god in stone, the other in moist colours; but I have no stock of these, and neither thy fortune nor thy tastes stand in need of such delightings. You take pleasure in songs. These we *can* give you, and place a value on the gift. Not marble, engraved with public records, by help of which, breath and life return to excellent generals after their death, nor swift flight and the threats of Hannibal flung back in his teeth, nor the burning of cursed Carthage, more clearly points to the renown of him who returned from conquered Africa, having gained his name and fame there, than the Calabrian Muse of Ennius does; nor, if the poet's pages are silent as to your achievements, will you obtain your reward. What would have

become of the son of Ilia and Mars if envious silence had ignored the deserts of Romulus? Æacus, who was rescued from the Stygian waves, the worth and favour and eloquence of puissant bards consecrate in the Islands of the Blest. The man who is worthy of renown, the Muse forbids to die. The Muse beatifies him with admission to heaven. So the vigorous Hercules is a guest at the coveted table of Jove. So the sons of Tyndarus, that bright constellation, rescue shipwrecked barks from the depths of the sea; so Bacchus, his temples adorned with the green vine-tendril, brings his wishes to a happy consummation.

ODE IX.

Lest haply you should suppose that the words are doomed to perish which I, born near the far roaring Aufidus, give utterance to, intending to wed them to the lyre by methods unpublished before (listen). Though Mæonian Homer holds the highest seat, the Muse of Pindar, and Simonides, and of blustering Alcæus, and dignified Stesichorus, are not consigned to oblivion, nor has time destroyed the sportive odes Anacreon composed long ago. Love still breathes in their songs, and the glow of passion still lives, confided to the strings of Sappho's lyre. Laconian Helen was not the only one who burned as she gazed in admiration on the trim locks of an adulterer, and the robes interwoven with golden thread, and his royal style and suite; nor was Teucer the first to

aim arrows from the Cretan bow; nor once only has an Ilium been assailed; and mighty Idomeneus or Sthenelus were not the only heroes who fought battles to be sung of by the Muses; nor was impetuous Hector or vigorous Deiphobus the first to bear the brunt of sturdy blows for the sake of their chaste wives and children. Many brave men lived before Agamemnon, but all, unwept for and unknown, are overwhelmed by the eternal night of oblivion, becanse they lack a sacred bard (to immortalise them). Valour unrecorded differs little from cowardice in the grave. I shall not pass thee over in silence, unhonoured in my pages, nor suffer pale forgetfulness enviously to disparage at will thy many great exploits. Thou hast a soul far-sighted, upright in prosperity and perplexity, avenger of the guilt of greed, and shrinking from the touch of all-absorbing money, a soul a consul, not for one year only, but always, that is, as often as this good and honest judge has preferred the honourable to the expedient, and with lofty scorn has flung back the bribes of the guilty, and through opposing hosts has advanced its arms to victory.

You cannot rightly designate the man who has many possessions as happy. More properly does he receive the name of happy who has skill to use wisely the gifts of the gods, to bear the hardships of privation, and who dreads infamy worse than death. He is not afraid to die for his dear friends or his country.

ODE X.

O OBDURATE still and proudly relying on the favours of Venus, when the unexpected down shall come to thy pride, and the hair that now floats over thy shoulders shall have been cut off, and the flesh-tints that now surpass in beauty the bloom of the purple rose, changing colour, shall have turned Ligurinus into a shaggy face, you will say, as often as in the glass you see yourself, changed to another man: What are my feelings to-day? Why not the same as when I was a boy, and why do my cheeks not return unimpaired to my spirits?

ODE XI.

I HAVE in stock a cask full of Alban wine more than nine years old. You have in your garden, O Phyllis, parsley for twining into wreaths, and any amount of ivy, with which you bind back your hair, gleaming with beauty. The house smiles with the sheen of silver: the altar, encircled with sacred boughs, seeks to be sprinkled with the blood of a sacrificed lamb. All the troop of slaves bustle about: boys and girls run hither and thither, and the flames quiver as they roll the grimy smoke in whirling columns. That you may be aware, however, to what enjoyment you are invited, the Ides are to be celebrated by you, the day which divides in two, April, month of sea-born Venus, a day rightly held holy by me, and almost more

sacred than my own birthday, because my Mæcenas reckons from it the progress of his passing years. Telephus, whom you are running after, a youth not of your station, has been secured by a wealthy and wanton maiden, who holds him bound in pleasant fetters. Phæthon, scorched with fire, puts dreams of ambition to flight; and the winged Pegasus furnishes an awful precedent, Pegasus, spurning the earth-born Bellerophon as his rider; so that you may always seek a suitable partner, and avoid an unequal match by regarding it as wrong to expect more than is permitted. Come, last of my loves, for I shall never feel the glow of passion for a woman again. Get by heart measures you may repeat with that sweet voice of yours. So shall black cares be banished by music and song.

ODE XII.

Now the companions of Spring, the Thracian breezes that moderate the sea, swell the sails. Now the fields are no longer frost-bound, nor do the rivers roar, swollen with the winter snow. The melancholy bird that moans sadly for Itys builds her nest—the bird that is an everlasting disgrace to the house of Cecrops, because she cruelly punished the barbarian lust of princes. The herds of the fat sheep sing and pipe amid the new-grown grass, and delight Pan, who finds pleasure in the flocks and dark-wooded hills of Arcadia. The

season brings with it thirst, Virgilius, but if you long to drain the wine made at Cales, dependant of noble patrons, you shall have it, if you supply the ointment.

A little box of nard will make the cask come forth that now lies peacefully in the storehouse of Sulpicius with wine bountiful to bestow fresh hope, and powerful to wash away the bitterness of care. If you hasten to these delights, come swiftly with your merchandise (the nard). I do not propose to steep you, giftless, in my wine, as if I were a rich man in a well-stocked house. But away with delay and the pursuit of wealth. Mindful of the dark fires of funeral, mingle, while you may, short flights of folly with graver thoughts. 'Tis pleasant to be silly of an occasion.

ODE XIII.

The gods have heard my prayers; they have heard my prayers, O Lyce. Thou art become an old hag, and yet thou wouldst fain appear comely, and thou sportest and drinkest shamelessly, and when tipsy, with quavering cackle, seekest to excite Love, who is slow to heed thee. He holds vigil in the fair cheeks of fresh, young Chia, who is skilled in fingering the lyre, for he cruelly flits past the withered oaks, and recoils from thee, because discoloured teeth, and wrinkles and snowy hair disfigure thee. Nor do the purples from the looms of

Cos, nor precious stones, bring back to thee the times which, once for all, the swift speeding days have stored, and enclosed in the public calendar. Whither has fled thy beauty, alas! whither thy complexion, whither thy graceful carriage? What dost thou retain of her—of her who breathed love—who stole me from myself, blessed next to Cinara, thou, a well-known beauty, a sweet face with winning arts? But the Fates granted few years to Cinara, while they will preserve thee long, a rival to the years of the aged crow, that the ardent youth may behold, not without much laughter, the torch crumbling into ashes.

ODE XIV.

What attention of the Senate and people of Rome, with a profusion of distinctions, O Augustus, shall immortalise thine excellences, by means of inscriptions and memorial records, O thou most puissant prince! wherever the sun lights the habitable globe? The Vindelici, ignorant of the laws of Rome, have lately learned thy might in war, for, with the help of thy soldiers, Drusus vigorously dislodged with more than simple retribution the Genauni, a savage race, and the swift-moving Brenni, and destroyed the forts built on the awful Alps. The elder of the Neros anon fought a stern battle and routed the monstrous Ræti, under happy auspices — a spectacle to gaze on in the lists of war, with what

havoc he harassed breasts devoted to the death of the free (as opposed to bondage). Somewhat as the South Wind stirs the untamed waves when the band of the Pleiades cleaves the clouds, so was he swift to assail the enemy's troops of horse, and to guide his snorting steed through the midst of the flames (burning villages?).

So rolls along the roaring Aufidus that flows by the lands of Apulian Daunus, when it boils and meditates in its upper reaches a disastrous inundation of the cultivated fields. So Claudius, in mighty onset, broke in pieces the steel-clad ranks of the barbarians, and by mowing them down from van to rear, victorious strewed the ground with the slain, without much loss of his own men, thou furnishing the troops, the plan of campaign, and the protection of thy gods. For on the day that Alexandria, a suppliant city, opened her harbour and empty palace to thee, Fortune, still favourable in the third lustre, rendered prosperous the issues of war, and added credit and coveted renown to the past campaigns. Thee, the Cantabrian, invincible before, and the Mede and the Indian and the roaming Scythian admire, O present and powerful guardian of Italy and Rome, queen of cities. Thee, the Nile, that hides the sources of his waters, and the Ister, and the swift-flowing Tigris; thee, the ocean teeming with monsters, that roars on the coasts of remote Britain; thee, the Gauls that have no dread of death,

and the land of savage Iberia hear of; thee, the Sygambri, revelling in slaughter, worship, with arms laid aside.

ODE XV.

When I desired to sing of battles and conquered cities, Phœbus sounded a note of warning on his lyre, that I should not set my tiny sails for a voyage over the Tuscan Sea. Thy lifetime, O Cæsar, has brought back rich crops to the fields, and has restored the statues of our Jove, torn from the proud mansions of the Parthians, and has closed the temple of Janus Quirinus, as the country is free from wars, and has placed a restraint on licence wandering beyond the bounds of propriety, and has abolished crime and recalled the arts of other days; arts by which the Latin name and the power of Italy flourished, and the fame and dignity of the empire were extended from the rising of the sun to his couch in the West. When Cæsar is guardian of the state, neither civic madness nor violence will banish peace and rest, nor will anger do so; anger that whets the steel and sets wretched cities by the ears.

Those who drink of the deep-flowing Danube will not violate the commands of Julius, nor the Getæ, nor the Seres and the faithless Parthians, nor those who are born beside the river Tanais.

As for us, both on ordinary and sacred days,

amid the bounties of generous Bacchus, with our children and our wives, first having duly prayed to the gods, we shall sing, after the custom of our ancestors, in a song, mingling with the Lydian flute, of leaders who have done doughty deeds, and of Troy and Anchises, and the offspring of kindly Venus.